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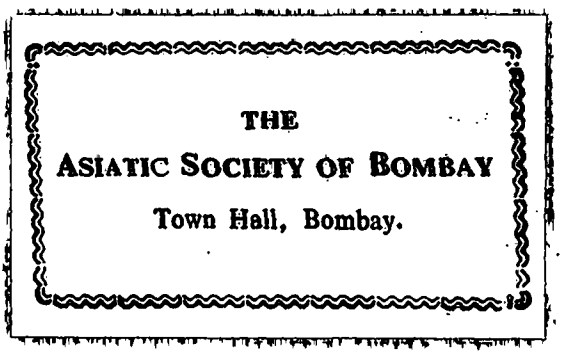

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A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY:

WITH

ANECDOTES relating to some EMINENT CHARACTERS,

97306

BY JOHN MOORE, M.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.
HOR.

The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:
Printed for W. STRAHAN; and T. CADELL, in the Strand.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM a diffidence of his own abilities, and from other motives not ſo well founded, the Author of the following Letters thought it expedient, in the firſt edition, to throw a ſlight veil over the real ſituation in which they were written: he imagined alſo, that by this means ſome reflections, particularly thoſe on gaming, might be introduced more naturally, and with a ſtronger effect. But having been aſſured by thoſe of whoſe friendſhip and judgment he is equally convinced, that the aſſumed character and feigned ſituation in the two firſt letters gave an air of fiction to the real incidents in the reſt of the work, he has now reſtored thoſe two letters to their original form.

TO HIS GRACE

DOUGLAS,

Duke of HAMILTON and BRANDON,
Marquis of DOUGLAS, &c.

MY LORD DUKE,

ALTHOUGH eſtabliſhed practice might, on this occaſion, juſtify my holding a language to your Grace which I never before uſed, yet you have nothing of that kind to fear; it is as inconſiſtent with my diſpoſition to offer adulation, as it is contrary to yours to deſire it.—Nor does

this addreſs proceed from a vain belief that the luſtre of your Name will diſpoſe the Public to wink at the blemiſhes of my Performance. The higheſt titles do not ſcreen even thoſe to whom they belong from contempt, when their perſonal characters are contemptible; far leſs can they ſhelter the dulneſs or folly of others.

I am prompted to offer this View of Society and Manners to your Grace, by ſentiments of the moſt ſincere eſteem and attachment; and, excluſive of all conſiderations of that nature, it is preſented with peculiar propriety to you, as no other perſon has had equal opportunities of knowing how far the objects it comprehends are juſt, and faithfully drawn from nature.

Some

Some perhaps may imagine, that I ſhould have diſplayed more prudence in offering this work to a leſs competent judge; but I am encouraged in my deſire of prefixing your Name to theſe imperfect Sketches, by the fond perſuaſion that nobody can be more inclined to afford them the indulgence of which I am ſenſible they ſtand in ſo much need.

I have the honour to be, with the moſt reſpectful and cordial regard,

YOUR GRACE'S

Moſt obedient, and

obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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A VIEW

A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

France, Switzerland, and Germany.

LETTER I.

Paris.

I Was greatly diſappointed by your not coming to town as you intended, having been for ſome time impatient to inform you of what paſſed between your young friend —— and me; I relied till the moment of our departure on having an opportunity of doing this perſonally, and I ſeize the firſt occaſion of com-

communicating the whole to you, in the only manner now in my power.

You will remember the uneaſineſs you once expreſſed to me on account of that gentleman's propenſity to gaming, and of the inconveniencies to which he had been put by ſome recent loſſes; you will alſo remember the reſolutions which, in conſequence of your requeſt, he formed againſt play; but you have yet to learn, that he reſumed the dice before the month was ended in which he had determined never to touch them more, and concluded one unfortunate night, by throwing away a ſum far exceeding any of his former loſſes.

Aſhamed of his weakneſs, he carefully concealed his misfortune from you, and thereby has been ſubjected to ſome diſtreſſes of a more mortifying nature than any he had formerly felt.

What

What ſhocked him moſt was a circumſtance which will not greatly aſtoniſh you—the indifference which many who call themſelves his friends ſhowed at his ſituation, and the coldneſs with which they excuſed themſelves from making any attempts to relieve him from his difficulties. Several to whom he had advanced conſiderable ſums in the days of his good fortune, declared a perfect inability of repaying any part of their debt; they told ſome ſad tale of an unforeſeen accident, which had put that entirely out of their power for the preſent; yet one of thoſe unfortunate gentlemen, the ſame evening that he refuſed to repay our friend, loſt double the ſum, every farthing of which he actually paid in ready money.

Mr. ——'s expectations from thoſe reſources having in a great meaſure failed, he applied to Mr. P—— in the City, who ſupplied him with money, at legal intereſt,

ſufficient to clear all his debts, for which he has granted him a mortgage on his eſtate.—While our young friend informed me of all this, he declared, that the remorſe he felt on the recollection of his folly was infinitely greater than any pleaſure he had ever experienced from winning, or could enjoy from the utmoſt ſucceſs. He expreſſed, at the ſame time, a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation to you and to me, for our endeavours to wean him from the habit of gaming, regretted that they had not been ſooner ſucceſsful, but was happy to find, that he ſtill had enough left to enable him to live in a decent manner, agreeable to a plan of œconomy which he has laid down, and to which he is reſolved to adhere till the mortgage is relieved. "I have now (added "he in a ſolemn manner) formed an ulti- "mate reſolution againſt gaming for the reſt "of my life; if I ever deviate from this, "you have a right to conſider me as devoid "of manly firmneſs and truth, unworthy

"of

" of your friendſhip, and the weakeſt of " mortals."

Notwithſtanding the young gentleman's failure on a former occaſion, yet the juſt reflexions he made on his paſt conduct, and the determined manner in which he ſpoke, give me great hopes that he will keep his preſent reſolution.—To him I ſeemed fully perſuaded of this, and ventured to ſay, that I could ſcarcely regret his laſt run of bad luck, which had operated ſo bleſſed an effect; for he who has the vigour to diſentangle himſelf from the ſnares of deep play, at the expence of half his fortune, and with his character entire, may on the whole be eſteemed a fortunate man. I therefore inſiſted ſtrongly on the wiſdom of his plan, which I contraſted with the uſual determination of thoſe who have been unlucky at play. Without fortitude to retrench their expences, or bear their firſt misfortunes, they can only bring themſelves the length of reſolving to renounce gaming *as ſoon as*

they ſhall regain what they have loſt; and imagining they have ſtill a claim to the money which is now in the pockets of others, becauſe it was once in their own, they throw away their whole fortune in ſearch of an inconſiderable part, and finiſh by being completely ruined, becauſe they could not ſupport a ſmall inconvenience. I pointed out, how infinitely more honourable it was to depend for repairing his fortune on his own good ſenſe and perſeverance, than on the revolutions of chance; which, even if they ſhould be favourable, could only re-eſtabliſh him at the expence of others, moſt probably of thoſe who had no hand in occaſioning his loſſes. His inſeparable companion —— —— entered while I was in the middle of my harangue. Our friend, who had previouſly acquainted him with his determination of renouncing gaming, endeavoured to prevail on that gentleman to adopt the ſame meaſure, but in vain. —— —— laughed at his propoſal, ſaid, " he was too eaſily terrified; that

" one

" one tolerable run of good fortune would,
" retrieve his affairs; that my fears about
" ruin were mere bugbears; that the word
" *ruin*, like cannon charged with powder,
" had an alarming ſound, but was attended
" with no danger; that if the worſt ſhould
" happen, I could be but ruined; which was
" only being in the ſame ſituation with
" ſome of the moſt faſhionable people in
" the nation."

He then enumerated many inſtances of thoſe who lived as well as the wealthieſt men in England, and yet every body pronounced them ruined. " There is Ch——
" F——, added he, a man completely
" ruined; yet beloved by his friends, and
" admired by his country as much as
" ever."

To this fine reaſoning I replied, " That
" if nobody had been influenced by that

" gentleman's example, excépt thoſe who
" poſſeſſed his genius, his turn for play
" would never have hurt one man in the
" kingdom; but that thoſe who owed their
" importance ſolely to their fortune, ought
" not to riſk it ſo wantonly as he might
" do, whoſe fortune had always been of
" little importance, when compared with
" his abilities; and ſince they could not
" imitate Mr. F—— in the things for
" which he was ſo juſtly applauded, they
" ought not to follow his example in thoſe
" for which he was as juſtly condemned;
" for the ſame fire which burns a piece of
" wood to aſhes, can only melt a guinea,
" which ſtill retains its intrinſic value,
" *though his majeſty's countenance no longer*
" *ſhines upon it.*"

—— —— did not ſeem to reliſh my argument, and ſoon after left us; but our young friend ſeemed confirmed in his reſolutions,

ſolutions, and gave me freſh aſſurances, the day on which I left London, that he never would vary.

Knowing the intereſt you take in his welfare, and the high eſteem he has for you, I have thought it right to give you this piece of information which I know will afford you pleaſure. His greateſt difficulty in adhering to the new adopted plan will be at firſt; in his preſent ſtate of mind, the ſoothings and ſupport of friendſhip may be of the greateſt ſervice.

When your affairs permit you to go to London, I dare ſay you will take the earlieſt opportunity of throwing yourſelf in his way: you will find no difficulty in perſuading him to accompany you to the country. Removed for ſome months from his preſent companions and uſual lounging-places, the influence of his old habits will gradually diminiſh; and, confirmed by your converſation,

converſation, ſmall chance will remain of his being ſucked into the old ſyſtem, and again whirled round in the vortex of diſſipation and gaming.

LETTER II.

Paris.

YOUR ſetting out for London immediately on the receipt of my letter, is what might have been expected.—Nothing renders a man ſo active as an eager deſire of doing good; and I might have foreſeen, that you would catch at the opportunity with which I furniſhed you to indulge a ruling paſſion.

It gives me great ſatisfaction to know, that our young friend and you are upon ſuch a confidential footing; and I heartily hope that nothing will interrupt a connection, which muſt be a ſource of pleaſing reflection to you, and in every way advantageous to him.—I had no doubt that he would

would readily agree to accompany you to the country; but I was not ſo certain that he might not have found it neceſſary to accept of your other very friendly propoſal.—His refuſal is a proof, that he has reconciled his mind to his circumſtances; and, with thoſe ſentiments, I am convinced that he will be able to live within his remaining yearly income with more ſatisfaction than he enjoyed when he ſpent five times that ſum.——

You inſiſt ſo much on my writing to you regularly, from the different places where I may reſide during my abſence from England, that I begin to believe you are in earneſt, and ſhall certainly obey your commands.

I know you do not expect from me a minute account of churches and palaces. However agreeable theſe may be to the

ſpectator, they generally afford but a ſlender entertainment when ſerved up in deſcription.

There are countries, ſome of which I may again viſit before my return to England, whoſe appearance always ſtrikes the eye with delight; but it is difficult to convey a preciſe idea of their beauties in words. The pencil is a more powerful vehicle than the pen for that purpoſe; for the landſcape is apt to vaniſh from the mind before the deſcription can be read.

The manners, cuſtoms, and characters of the people may probably furniſh the chief materials, in the correſpondence you expect, with ſuch reflections as may ariſe from the ſubject. In theſe, I appriſe you before-hand, I ſhall take what latitude I pleaſe: And though the complexion

plexion of my letters may moſt probably receive ſome tint or ſhade of colouring from the country where they may be wrote; yet if I take it into my head to inſiſt on the little tricks of an attorney, when you expect to hear of the politics of a prime miniſter; or, if I tell you a tale about an old woman, when you are impatient for anecdotes of a great general, you muſt not fret or fall into a paſſion; for if you do not permit me to write on what ſubjects I pleaſe, and treat them in my own way, the correſpondence you require would become a ſad ſlavery to me, and of conſequence no amuſement to you. Whereas, if you leave me free and unreſtrained, it will at leaſt form ſome occupation to myſelf, may wean me from the habit of lounging, and will afford an excuſe, in my own mind, for my leaving thoſe parties of pleaſure where people are apt to continue, forcing

ing ſmiles, and yawning ſpontaneouſly, for two or three hours after all reliſh is fled.

Yet in this diſmal condition many remain night after night, becauſe the hour of ſleep is not yet arrived;—and what elſe can they do?

Have you never found yourſelf in this liſtleſs ſituation? Without any pleaſure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of paſſive, gaping oyſter-ſtate, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bed-chamber, you find you have paſſed the two laſt hours in a kind of humming buzzing ſtupor, without ſatisfaction, or idea of any kind.

I thank you for your offer of Dupont. Knowing your regard for him, and his dexterity and intelligence in the ſcience

of valet-de-chambreſhip, I ſee the full force of the ſacrifice you are willing to make. If I could be ſo ſelfiſh on another occaſion as to accept your offer, the good-will I bear to your old friend John would prevent me at preſent. Dupont, to be ſure, is worth twenty of John for that employment; but I can never forget his long attachment, and I am now ſo habituated to him, that one generally eſteemed a more perfect ſervant would not ſuit me ſo well. I think myſelf benefited even by his deficiencies, which have obliged me to do many things for myſelf that other people perform by the hands of their ſervants. Many of our acquaintances ſeem abſolutely incapable of motion, till they have been wound up by their valets. They have no more uſe of their hands for any office about their own perſons, than if they were paralytic. At night they muſt wait for their ſervants, before they can undreſs themſelves, and go

to

to bed: In the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, the maſter muſt remain helpleſs and ſprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen-table of an alderman.

I remain, &c.

LETTER III.

Paris.

I Went a few nights ſince to the Italian Comedy; while I enjoyed the exquiſite *naiveté* of my old friend Carlin, the Marquis de F——, whom you have ſeen at London, entered the box:—He flew to me with all the vivacity of a Frenchman, and with every mark of pleaſure and regard. He had ten thouſand queſtions to aſk about his friends in England all in one breath, and without waiting for an anſwer. Mon cher ami this, ma chere amie t'other; la belle ſuch a one, la charmante ſuch another.

Perceiving we diſturbed the company, and having no hopes that the Marquis would be more quiet for ſome time, I pro-

poſed

poſed leaving the Comedy. He aſſented immediately:—Vous avez raiſon: il n'y a perſonne ici; c'eſt un deſert—(by the way, the houſe was very much crowded)—Je ſuis venu comme vous voyez en poliſſon;—tout le monde eſt au Coliſſée—Allons.—We ſtepped into his vis-à-vis: He ordered the coachman to drive vite comme tous les diables. The horſes went as faſt as they could, and the Marquis's tongue ſtill faſter than they.

When we arrived, I propoſed going up to the gallery, where we might ſee the company below, and converſe without interruption. Bon, ſays he, nous nous nicherons dans un coin pour critiquer tout le monde, comme deux diables boiteux.

A lady of a fine ſhape and majeſtic air drew my attention: I aſked the Marquis if he did not think her remarkably hand-

ſome?—Là, là, ſaid he, coldly.—Nous ſommes heureuſement placés pour elle. C'eſt un tableau fait pour être vu de loin. —I then took notice of the exceſſive whiteneſs of her ſkin.——C'eſt apparement le gout de ſon amant d'aujourd'hui, ſaid he; et quand un autre ſe preſenteroit qui prefere la couleur de puce, à l'aide d'un peu de l'eau chaude, elle ſeroit auſſi ſon affaire.

I next obſerved two ladies dreſſed a little beyond the extravagance of the mode. Their features betrayed the approach of fifty, in ſpite of all the art which had evidently been uſed to conceal that hated age.

At ſight of them the Marquis ſtarted up. Ah! parblieu, ſaid he, ces deux morceaux d'antiquité ſont de mes parentes.—Excuſez moi pour deux minutes: il faut que je m'approche d'elles, dans le deſſein de les féliciter de leurs appas. Old ladies,

continued he, who have the rage to be thought young, are of all animals the moſt vindictive when neglected, and I have particular reaſons for wiſhing to remain in their good graces. He then left me, and having walked round the circle with the ladies, returned and took his ſeat. I have got myſelf well out of the ſcrape, ſaid he; I told them I was engaged with a Milord, whom I ſhould have the honour of preſenting at their houſe; and I fixed a young officer with them, whoſe beſt hopes of promotion depend upon their influence at court, and who dares as ſoon quit his colours in battle, as forſake theſe two pieces of old tapeſtry till they chuſe to retire.

A young man very magnificently dreſſed entered the room: He announced his importance by his airs, his buſtle, the loud and deciſive tone of his voice. The Marquis told me, it was Monſ. le Duc de ——; that it was indiſpenſably neceſſary that I

ſhould be preſented to him; there was no living at Paris without that advantage; adding,—Il eſt un peu fat, infiniment bête; d'ailleurs le meilleur enfant du monde.

A fine lady next appeared, who ſeemed to command the admiration of the whole aſſembly. She floated round the circle of the Coliſſée, ſurrounded by a cluſter of Petits Maitres, whoſe eyes were fixed on her, and who ſeemed moved by her motion, like ſatellites under the influence of their planet. She, on her part, was perfectly ſerene, and unembarraſſed by the attention and the eyes of the ſpectators. She ſmiled to one, nodded to another, ſhrugged to a third, ſtruck a fourth with her fan, burſt into a fit of laughter to a fifth, and whiſpered in the ear of a ſixth. All theſe, and a thouſand tricks more, ſhe ran through with the eaſe of an actreſs and the rapidity of a juggler. She ſeemed fully perſuaded that ſhe was the only perſon preſent worthy of

attention; that it belonged to her to develope her charms, diſplay her graces and airs, and that it was the part of the reſt of the company to remain attentive and admiring ſpectators.

Cette droleſſe là, ſaid the Marquis, eſt jolie, et pour cette raiſon on croit qu'elle a de l'eſprit: On a même tâché de repeter ſes bons mots; mais ils ne ſont faits que pour ſa bouche. Elle eſt beaucoup plus vaine que ſenſible, grand ſoutien pour ſa vertu! au reſte, elle eſt dame de qualité, en faveur de laquelle elle poſſede un gout de hardieſſe ſi heureux, qu'elle jouit du benéfice de l'effronterie ſans être effrontée.

I was ſurprized to find all this ſatire directed againſt ſo beautiful a woman, and ſuſpected that the edge of F——'s remarks was ſharpened by ſome recent pique. I was going to rally him on that ſuppoſition,

when he ſuddenly ſtarted up, ſaying, Voilà Monſ. de ——, le meilleur de mes amis.—Il eſt aimable; on ne peut pas plus.—Il a de l'eſprit comme un démon.—Il faut que vous le connoiſſiez. Allons:—Deſcendons. So ſaying, he hurried me down ſtairs, preſented me to Monſ. de —— as un philoſophe Anglois, who underſtood race-horſes better than the great Newton himſelf, and who had no averſion to the game of Whiſt. Monſ. de —— received me with open arms, and we were intimate friends in ten minutes. He carried the Marquis and me to ſup at his houſe, where we found a numerous company.

The converſation was cheerful and animated. There were ſome very ingenious men preſent, with an admirable mixture of agreeable women, who remained to the laſt, and joined in the converſation even when it turned on ſubjects of literature; upon which occaſions Engliſh ladies generally

rally imagine it becomes them to remain ſilent. But here they took their ſhare without ſcruple or heſitation. Thoſe who underſtood any thing of the ſubject delivered their ſentiments with great preciſion, and more grace than the men; thoſe who knew nothing of the matter rallied their own ignorance in ſuch a ſprightly manner, as convinced every body, that knowledge is not neceſſary to render a woman exceedingly agreeable in ſociety.

After paſſing a moſt delightful evening, I returned to my lodgings, my head undiſturbed with wine, and my ſpirits unjaded by play.

LETTER IV.

Paris,

WE have been a month at Paris; a longer time than was intended at our arrival: yet our departure appears to me at a greater diſtance now than it did then.

F—— has been my moſt conſtant companion; he is univerſally liked, lives in the very beſt company, and whoever is introduced by him is ſure of a favourable reception. I found little or no difficulty in excuſing myſelf from play. The Marquis undertook to make this matter eaſy; and nothing can be a greater proof of his influence in ſome of the moſt faſhionable circles, than his being able to introduce a man without a title, and who never games.

He

He is alſo intimately acquainted with ſome of the moſt eminent men of letters, to whom he has made me known. Many of thoſe, whoſe works you admire, are received at the houſes of the firſt nobility on the moſt liberal footing.

You can ſcarcely believe the influence which this body of men have in the gay and diſſipated city of Paris. Their opinions not only determine the merit of works of taſte and ſcience, but they have conſiderable weight on the manners and ſentiments of people of rank, of the public in general, and conſequently are not without effect on the meaſures of government.

The ſame thing takes place in ſome degree in moſt countries of Europe; but, if I am not miſtaken, more at Paris than any where elſe; becauſe men of letters are here at once united to each other by the various academies,

academies, and diffuſed among private ſocieties, by the manners and general taſte of the nation.

As the ſentiments and converſation of men of letters influence, to a certain degree, the opinions and the conduct of the faſhionable world; the manners of theſe laſt have a more obvious effect upon the air, the behaviour, and the converſation of the former, which in general is polite and eaſy; equally purified from the awkward timidity contracted in retirement, and the diſguſting arrogance inſpired by univerſity honours, or church dignities. At Paris, the pedants of Moliere are to be ſeen on the ſtage only.

In this country, at preſent, there are many men diſtinguiſhed by their learning, who at the ſame time are cheerful and eaſy in mixed company, unpreſuming in argument, and in every reſpect as well bred

bred as thoſe who have no other pretenſion.

Politeneſs and good manners, indeed, may be traced, though in different proportions, through every rank, from the greateſt of the nobility to the loweſt mechanic. This forms a more remarkable and diſtinguiſhing feature in the French national character, than the vivacity, impetuoſity, and ficklenefs, for which the ancient as well as the modern inhabitants of this country have been noted.—It certainly is a very ſingular phænomenon, that politeneſs, which in every other country is confined to people of a certain rank in life, ſhould here pervade every ſituation and profeſſion. The man in power is courteous to his dependant, the proſperous to the unfortunate, the very beggar who ſolicits charity, does it 'en homme comme il faut;' and if his requeſt be not granted, he is ſure, at leaſt, that it will be refuſed with an appearance

of

of humanity, and not with harſhneſs of inſult.

A ſtranger, quite new and unverſed in their language, whoſe accent is uncouth and ridiculous in the ears of the French, and who can ſcarcely open his mouth without making a blunder in grammar or idiom, is heard with the moſt ſerious attention, and never laughed at, even when he utters the oddeſt ſolecism or equivocal expreſſion.

I am afraid, ſaid I, yeſterday, to a French gentleman, the phraſe which I uſed juſt now is not French. Monſieur, replied he, cette expreſſion effectivement n'eſt pas Françoiſe, mais elle mérite bien de l'être.

The moſt daring deviation from faſhion, in the important article of dreſs, cannot make them forget the laws of good-breeding. When a perſon appears at the public walks,

walks, in clothes made againſt every law of the mode, upon which the French are ſuppoſed to lay ſuch ſtreſs, they do not gaze or ſneer at him; they allow him firſt to paſs, as it were, unobſerved, and do not till then turn round to indulge the curioſity which his uncommon figure may have excited. I have remarked this inſtance of delicacy often in the ſtreets in the loweſt of the vulgar, or rather of the common people; for there are really very few of the natives of Paris, who can be called vulgar.

There are exceptions to theſe, as to all general remarks on the manners and character of any nation.

I have heard inſtances of the military treating poſtillions and inn-keepers with injuſtice; and the ſeigneur or intendant oppreſſing the peaſant. Examples of the abuſe of power, and inſolence of office, are

are to be met with every where. If they are tolerated, the fault lies in the govern-ment.

I have not been ſpeaking of the French government. Their national character is one thing; the nature of their government is a very different matter. But I am convinced there is no country in Europe where royal favour, high birth, and the military profeſſion, could be allowed ſuch privileges as they have in France, and where there would be ſo few inſtances of their producing rough and brutal behaviour to inferiors.

LETTER V.

Paris.

A Candid Engliſhman, of whatever rank in life he may be, muſt ſee with indignation, that every thing in this kingdom is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful; and that little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior ſtation. This appears in a thouſand inſtances, and ſtrikes the eye immediately on entering Paris.

I think I have ſeen it ſomewhere remarked, that the regular and effectual manner in which the city of London is lighted at night, and the raiſed pavements on the ſides of every ſtreet, for the ſecurity and conveniency of foot-paſſengers, ſeem to indicate

that the body of the people, as well as the rich and great, are counted of ſome importance in the eye of government. Whereas Paris is poorly and partially lighted; and except on the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, and the keys between them, is not provided with little walks on the ſides of the ſtreets, for the accommodation and ſafety of foot-paſſengers. They muſt therefore grope their way as they beſt can, and ſkulk behind pillars, or run into ſhops, to avoid being cruſhed by the coaches, which are driven as near the wall as the coachman pleaſes; diſperſing the people on foot at their approach, like chaff before the wind.

It muſt be acknowledged, that monarchy (for the French do not love to hear it called deſpotiſm, and it is needleſs to quarrel with them about a word) is raiſed in this country ſo very high, that it quite loſes ſight of the bulk of the nation, and pays attention

only to a few; who being in exalted ſtations, come within the Court's ſphere of viſion.

Le peuple, in France, is a term of reproach.—Un homme du peuple, implies a want of both education and manners. Un homme comme il faut, on the other hand, does not imply a man of ſenſe or principle, but ſimply a man of birth or faſhion; for a man may be homme comme il faut, and yet be devoid of every quality which adorns human nature. There is no queſtion that government leaves the middle and inferior ranks of life in ſome degree unprotected, and expoſed to the injuſtice and inſolence of the great; who are conſidered in this country, as ſomewhat above the Law, though greatly below the Monarch.

But the poliſhed mildneſs of French manners, the gay and ſociable turn of the nation, the affable and eaſy conduct of

maſters to their ſervants, ſupply the deficiencies, and correct the errors, of the government, and render the condition of the common people in France, but particularly at Paris, better than in ſeveral other countries of Europe; and much more tolerable than it would be, if the national character reſembled that of thoſe countries.

* * * * * * *

I was interrupted by Lord M. who arrived laſt night. He agreed to dine with us. F——— called ſoon after: he was diſengaged alſo, and promiſed to be of the party.

You know how laborious a thing it is to keep alive a dialogue with my Lord M. The converſation either degenerates into a ſoliloquy on your part, or expires altogether. I was therefore exceedingly happy with the thoughts of the Marquis's company.

pany. He was uncommonly lively; addreſſed much of his converſation to his Lordſhip; tried him upon every ſubject, wine, women, horſes, politics, and religion. He then ſung Chanſons à boire, and endeavoured in vain to get my Lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do.—He admired his clothes, praiſed his dog, and ſaid a thouſand obliging things of the Engliſh nation. To no purpoſe; his Lordſhip kept up his ſilence and reſerve to the laſt, and then drove away to the opera.

Ma foi, ſaid the Marquis, as ſoon as he went out of the room, il a de grands talens pour le ſilence, ce Milord là.

LETTER VI.

Paris.

IN a former letter, I mentioned good breeding as a ſtriking part of the French national character. Loyalty, or an uncommon fondneſs for, and attachment to, the perſons of their princes is another.

An Engliſhman, though he views the virtues of his king with a jealous eye during his reign, yet he will do them all juſtice in the reign of his ſucceſſor.

A German, while he is ſilent with reſpect to the foibles of his prince, admires all his talents much more than he would the ſame qualities in any other perſon.

A Turk,

A Turk, or Perſian, contemplates his Emperor with fear and reverence, as a ſuperior being, to whoſe pleaſure it is his duty to ſubmit, as to the laws of Nature, and the will of Providence.

But a Frenchman, while he knows that his king is of the ſame nature, and liable to all the weakneſſes of other men; while he enumerates his follies, and laughs as he laments them, is nevertheleſs attached to him by a ſentiment of equal reſpect and tenderneſs; a kind of affectionate prejudice, independent of his real character.

Roi * is a word which conveys to the minds of Frenchmen the ideas of benevolence, gratitude, and love; as well as thoſe of power, grandeur, and happineſs.

* We tranſlate le Roi, by 'the King,' which is by no means equivalent. Le Roi does himſelf, and makes others do, what he pleaſes. The King cannot do what he pleaſes, but does what others pleaſe.

They flock to Verſailles every Sunday, behold him with unſated curioſity, and gaze on him with as much ſatisfaction the twentieth time as the firſt.

They conſider him as their friend, though he does not know their perſons; as their protector, though their greateſt danger is from an Exempt or Lettre de Cachet; and as their benefactor, while they are oppreſſed with taxes.

They magnify into importance his moſt indifferent actions; they palliate and excuſe all his weakneſſes; and they impute his errors or crimes, to his miniſters or other evil counſellors; who (as they fondly aſſert) have, for ſome baſe purpoſe, impoſed upon his judgment, and perverted the undeviating rectitude of his intentions.

They repeat, with fond applauſe, every ſaying of his which ſeems to indicate the ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt approach to wit, or even bears the mark of ordinary ſagacity.

The moſt inconſiderable circumſtance which relates to the Monarch is of importance: whether he eat much or little at dinner; the coat he wears, the horſe on which he rides, all afford matter of converſation in the various ſocieties at Paris, and are the moſt agreeable ſubjects of epiſtolary correſpondence with their friends in the provinces.

If he happens to be a little indiſpoſed, all Paris, all France is alarmed, as if a real calamity was threatened: and to ſeem intereſted, or to converſe upon any other ſubject till this has been diſcuſſed, would be conſidered as a proof of unpardonable indifference.

At a review, the troops perform their manœuvres unheeded by ſuch of the ſpectators as are within ſight of the King. They

They are all engroſſed in contemplation of their Prince.—Avez vous vu le roi?——Tenez—ah!—voilà le roi.—Le roi rit.—Apparement il eſt content.—Je ſuis charmé,—ah, il touſſe!—A-t-il touſſé?——Oui, parbleu! et bien fort.—Je ſuis au déſeſpoir.

At maſs, it is the King, not the Prieſt, who is the object of attention. The Hoſt is elevated; but the people's eyes remain fixed upon the face of their beloved Monarch.

Even the moſt applauded pieces of the theatre, which in Paris create more emotion than the ceremonies of religion, can with difficulty divide their attention. A ſmile from the King makes them forget the ſorrow of Andromaché, and the wrongs of the Cid.

This exceſſive attachment is not confined to the perſon of the Monarch, but extends

to

to every branch of the royal family; all of whom, it is imagined in this country, have an hereditary right to every gratification and enjoyment that human nature is capable of receiving. And if any cauſe, moral or phyſical, impede or obſtruct this, they meet with univerſal ſympathy. The moſt trivial diſappointment or chagrin which befalls them, is conſidered as more ſerious and affecting, than the moſt dreadful calamity which can happen to a private family. It is lamented as if the natural order of things were counteracted, and the amiable Prince, or Princeſs, deprived, by a cruel phænomenon, of that ſupreme degree of happineſs, to which their rank in life gives them an undeniable title.

All this regard ſeems real, and not affected from any motive of intereſt; at leaſt it muſt be ſo with reſpect to the bulk of the people, who can have no hopes of ever being known to their princes, far leſs

of

of ever receiving any perſonal favour from them.

The philoſophical idea, that Kings have been appointed for public conveniency; that they are accountable to their ſubjects for mal-adminiſtration, or for continued acts of injuſtice and oppreſſion; is a doctrine very oppoſite to the general prejudices of this nation. If any of their kings were to behave in ſuch an imprudent and outrageous manner as to occaſion a revolt, and if the inſurgents actually got the better, I queſtion if they would think of new-modelling the government, and limiting the power of the crown, as was done in Britain at the revolution, ſo as to prevent the like abuſes for the future. They never would think of going further, I imagine, than placing another prince of the Bourbon family on the throne, with the ſame power that his predeceſſor had, and then quietly lay down their arms, ſatisfied with his

royal

royal word or declaration to govern with more equity.

The French ſeem ſo delighted and dazzled with the luſtre of Monarchy, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any qualifying mixture, which might abate its violence, and render its ardour more benign. They chuſe to give the ſplendid machine full play, though it often ſcorches and threatens to conſume themſelves and their effects.

They conſider the power of the King, from which their ſervitude proceeds, as if it were their own power. You will hardly believe it; but I am ſure of the fact: They are proud of it; they are proud that there is no check or limitation to his authority.

They tell you with exultation, that the king has an army of near two hundred thouſand men in the time of peace. A French-

Frenchman is as vain of the palaces, fine gardens, number of horſes, and all the parapharnalia belonging to the court of the Monarch, as an Engliſhman can be of his own houſe, gardens, and equipage.

When they are told of the diffuſion of wealth in England, the immenſe fortunes made by many individuals, the affluence of thoſe of middle rank, the ſecurity and eaſy comfortable ſituation of the common people, inſtead of being mortified by the compariſon which might naturally occur to their imaginations, they comfort themſelves with the reflection, that the court of France is more brilliant than that of Great Britain, and that the duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé have greater revenues than any of the Engliſh nobility.

When they hear of the freedom of debate in parliament, of the liberties taken in writing or ſpeaking of the conduct of the

the king, or meaſures of government, and the forms to be obſerved, before thoſe who venture on the moſt daring abuſe of either can be brought to puniſhment, they ſeem filled with indignation, and ſay with an air of triumph, C'eſt bien autrement chez nous: Si le Roi de France avoit affaire à ces Meſſieurs là, il leur enſeigneroit à vivre. And then they would proceed to inform you, that, parbleu! their miniſter would give himſelf no trouble about forms or proofs; that ſuſpicion was ſufficient for him, and without more ado he would ſhut up ſuch impertinent people in the Baſtile for many years. And then raiſing their voices, as if what they ſaid were a proof of the courage or magnanimity of the miniſter—Ou peut-être il feroit condamner ces droles là aux galères pour la vie.

LETTER VII.

Paris.

IT would be almoſt ſuperfluous to obſerve, that there are a great many people in France, who think in a very different manner from that which I have mentioned in my laſt, and who have juſt and liberal ideas of the deſign and nature of government, and proper and manly ſentiments of the natural rights of mankind. The writings of Monteſquieu are greatly admired: This alone is ſufficient to prove it. Many later authors, and the converſation of the philoſophical and reaſoning people diſplay the ſame ſpirit.

What is mentioned in my laſt letter, however, comprehends the general turn or manner of thinking of the French na-

tion, and evinces how very oppoſite their ſentiments upon the ſubject of civil government are, to thoſe of our countrymen.

I have heard an Engliſhman enumerate the advantages of the Britiſh conſtitution to a circle of French Bourgeois, and explain to them in what manner the people of their rank of life were protected from the inſolence of the courtiers and nobility; that the pooreſt ſhop-keeper, and loweſt tradeſman in England, could have immediate redreſs for any injury done him by the greateſt nobleman in the kingdom.

Well, what impreſſion do you think this declamation had upon the French auditory? You will naturally imagine they would admire ſuch a conſtitution, and wiſh for the ſame in France:—Not at all. They ſympathized with the great: They ſeemed to feel for their want of importance. One obſerved, C'eſt peu de choſe d'être noble

chez vous; and another, ſhaking his head, added, Ce n'eſt pas naturel tout cela.

When mention was made that the king of Great Britain could not impoſe a tax by his own authority; that the conſent of parliament, particularly of the houſe of commons, was neceſſary, to which aſſembly people of their rank of life were admitted; they ſaid with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, Cependant, c'eſt aſſez beau cela. But when the Engliſh patriot, expecting their complete approbation, continued informing them, that the king himſelf had not the power to encroach upon the liberty of the meaneſt of his ſubjects; that if he or the miniſter did, damages were recoverable at a court of law, a loud and prolonged DIABLE iſſued from every mouth. They forgot their own ſituation, and the ſecurity of the people, and turned to their natural bias of ſympathy with the King, who they

all ſeemed to think muſt be the moſt oppreſſed and injured of mankind.

One of them at laſt, addreſſing himſelf to the Engliſh politician, ſaid, Tout ce que je puis vous dire, Monſieur, c'eſt que votre pauvre Roi eſt bien à plaindre.

This ſolicitude of theirs for the happineſs and glory of royalty extends in ſome degree to all crowned heads whatever: But with regard to their own monarch, it ſeems the reigning and darling paſſion of their ſouls, which they carry with them to the grave.

A French ſoldier, who lay covered with wounds on the field of Dettingen, demanded a little before he expired, of an Engliſh officer, how the battle was likely to terminate; and being anſwered, that the Britiſh troops had obtained a great victory; Mon pauvre Roi, ſaid the dying man, que fera-t-il?

For my part, my friend, although I heartily wiſh his Majeſty all public and domeſtic happineſs, yet if the ſmalleſt ſolicitude about either ſhould diſturb my dying moments, it will be the ſtrongeſt proof that my own affairs, ſpiritual and temporal, your concerns, as well as thoſe of my other private friends, are in a moſt comfortable ſituation.

Adieu.

P. S. I have not ſeen the Marquis for ſeveral days. He had informed me, at our very firſt meeting, that he was paying his court to a young lady of family, at his mother's deſire, who was impatient to ſee him married. He ſaid, he could refuſe his mother nothing, parcequ'élle étoit le meilleur enfant du monde: Beſides, he ſaid, the young lady was very pretty and agreeable, and he was over head and ears in love with her. He has told me ſince, that every thing was arranged, and he expected

expected to be in a ſhort time the happieſt man in the world, and would have the honour of preſenting me to his bride very ſoon. I ſhall let you know my opinion of the lady when I ſee her—But let her be what ſhe will, I am ſorry that F—— thinks of marrying ſo early in life; for a Frenchman of five-and-twenty, is not quite ſo ſedate an animal as an Engliſhman of fifteen.

LETTER VIII.

Paris.

THERE is an abſolute penury of public news. I have nothing particular to inform you of concerning myſelf; but you hold me to my engagement: So here I am ſeated to write to you, without having as yet determined upon a ſubject, in hopes, however, that my pen may gather materials as it moves.

In whatever light this prejudice in favour of monarchy may appear to the eye of philoſophy; and though of all paſſions the love of a King, merely becauſe he is a King, is perhaps the ſilleſt; yet it ſurely ought to be conſidered as meritorious by thoſe who are the objects of it.

No people exiſting, or who did ever exiſt, have had ſo juſt a claim to the gratitude and affections of their ſovereign, as the French. They rejoice in his joy, are grieved at his grief, proud of his power, vain of his accompliſhments, indulgent to his failings. They cheerfully yield their own conveniences to his ſuperfluities, and are at all times willing to ſacrifice their lives for his glory.

A King, one would imagine, muſt be a perfect monſter of ſelfiſhneſs and inſenſibility, who did not love ſuch ſubjects, and who did not beſtow ſome time and attention to promote their happineſs: Yet the French nation has not had a Monarch worthy of all this regard ſince the days of Henry IV. and of all their kings they uſed him the worſt.

Of the three brothers who immediately preceded him, the firſt was a ſickly crea-

ture, as feeble in mind as in body; the ſecond, a monſter of ſuperſtition and cruelty; and the third, after a dawn of ſome brightneſs, allowed his meridian to be obſcured by the groſſeſt clouds of effeminacy and voluptuouſneſs. Their Italian mother, who governed all the three, ſeems to have been perfectly unreſtrained by any feelings of humanity or of conſcience, and ſolely guided by motives of intereſt, and the moſt perfidious policy.

The princes who have ſucceeded, as well as thoſe who reigned before the fourth Henry, ſerve as foils which diſplay his bright qualities with double luſtre.

Notwithſtanding all the inducements which the French kings have to promote the happineſs of their ſubjects, it may be many centuries before they are bleſſed with one who ſhall have that paſſion in ſuch a high degree.

A cha-

A character in which the great and amiable virtues are ſo finely blended, is very rarely produced in any nation. How ſmall then muſt be the chance that this prize ſhall fall to the individual who is deſtined for the throne? Henry received an education very different from that which is generally beſtowed on kings. His character was formed in the hardy ſchool of adverſity: his mind was ſtrengthened by continual exertions of courage and prudence. He was taught humanity by ſuffering under the rod of tyranny, and experiencing the pangs of the unfortunate. Having frequently ſtood in need of friends, he knew the value of their attachment, and his heart became capable of friendſhip.

Difficulties and dangers often ſtrike out particles of genius which otherwiſe might remain latent and uſeleſs, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating thoſe ſparks of virtue which a life

life of indolence would have completely extinguiſhed.

Thoſe people who, from their earlieſt infancy, have found every thing provided for them, who have not much ambition, and conſequently are ſeldom excited to any great exertion of their faculties, generally feel theſe faculties dwindle and grow weak, for the ſame reaſon that a man's arms would become gradually feeble, and at length perfectly uſeleſs, if he were to wear them in a ſcarf for any conſiderable time.

That the faculties of the underſtanding, like the ſinews of the body, are relaxed by ſloth and ſtrengthened by exerciſe, nobody will doubt. I imagine the ſame analogy holds in ſome degree between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, gratitude, are, I ſuſpect, exceedingly apt to ſtagnate into a calm, ſlug-

giſh inſenſibility in that breaſt which has not been agitated by real misfortunes.

People do not fully enter into diſtreſſes which they never have felt, and which they think they run but a ſmall riſk of feeling. Accordingly it has been remarked, that thoſe who have been favoured through life with the ſmiles of fortune, and whoſe time has been ſpent in the amuſements of courts, and luxurious indulgences, very often acquire an aſtoniſhing inſenſibility to the misfortunes of others. The character the moſt perfectly cold of all I ever knew, devoid of friendſhip, gratitude, and even natural affection, belongs to a perſon, whoſe life has been a continued ſeries of fortunate events.

Yet while all their cares are contracted, and all their feelings abſorbed, within the compaſs of their own ſkin, ſuch people ſeem often convinced, that they themſelves

are

are of the moſt humane diſpoſitions, and the moſt extenſive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than becauſe they have felt themſelves affected by the artful diſtreſſes of a romance, and becauſe they could ſhed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If to theſe ſymptons of ſenſibility, they can add, that of having occaſionally given a guinea when the contribution has been ſet a going, or have parted with a little ſuperfluous money to free themſelves from importunity, they have then carried benevolence to the utmoſt length of *their* idea of that virtue.

They have no notion of any thing beyond this; nor would they make one active exertion, poſtpone a ſingle party of pleaſure, or in any ſhape interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the moſt eſſential ſervice (I will not

ſay

ſay to a friend, ſuch people can have none) to any of the human race.

There are many exceptions, but in general thoſe perſons who are expoſed to *the ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune*, who have experienced the baſe indifference of mankind, and have in ſome degree *felt what wretches feel*, are endued with the trueſt ſympathy, and enter, with the moſt lively ſenſibility, into the ſituation of the unfortunate.

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco,

ſaid Dido, who had been obliged to fly from her country, to Æneas, who had been witneſs to the deſtruction of his.

Dido and Æneas!—How in the name of wandering have we got into their company? I could no more have gueſſed at this, than at the ſubject of one of Montaigne's Eſſays from the title. We ſet out, I be-

I believe, with ſomething about France;—but you cannot expect that I ſhould attempt to take up a thread which is left ſo far behind.

Adieu.

LETTER IX.

Paris.

I Mentioned in my former letter, that my friend F—— was on the point of being married. He called at my lodgings a little while ago. His air was ſo very gay, that I imagined he had ſome agreeable news to communicate. Me voilà au déſeſpoir, mon cher ami, ſaid he, with a loud laugh.—You are the merrieſt man I ever ſaw in that ſituation, ſaid I.—He then informed me, that the old Marquis de P. his miſtreſs's father, had waited on his mother, and, after ten thouſand apologies and circumlocutions, had given her to underſtand, that certain things had intervened, which rendered it impoſſible that he ſhould ever have the honour of being father-in-law to her ſon; and requeſted her to inform

form him, how infinitely uneasy he and all his family were, at an incident which deprived them of the pleasure they had proposed to themselves from that connection. His mother, he said, had endeavoured to discover the incident which has produced this sudden alteration;—but to no purpose.—The old gentleman contented himself with assuring her, that the particulars would be equally disagreeable and superfluous,—and then took his leave, in the most polite and affectionate terms that the French language could furnish him with.

F——— told me all this with an air so easy and contented, that I did not well know what to make of it. My dear Marquis, said I, it is fortunate that I have been mistaken; for you must know, I had taken it into my head that you were fond of the lady.—You were in the right, my friend, said he, je l'aimai infiniment.——Comment infiniment; said I, and yet be so merry

merry when you are juſt going to loſe her!——Mais vous autres Anglois, ſaid he, vous avez des idées ſi bizarres:——aimer infiniment, cela veut dire aimer comme on aime,—tout le monde aime ainſi quand il ne ſe hait pas.——Mais je vous conterai toute l'hiſtoire.

My mother, added he, who is the beſt creature in the world, and whom I love with all my ſoul, told me this marriage would make her quite happy.——All my uncles and aunts, and couſins, for ten generations, told me the ſame. I was informed, over and above, that the lady, her father, and all their relations, wiſhed this alliance, with the moſt obliging earneſtneſs. The girl, herſelf, is tolerably pretty. They will perſuade me to marry ſome time or other, thought I; why not now, as well as at another time? Why ſhould I refuſe to do a thing which will pleaſe ſo many people, without being in

the ſmalleſt degree diſpleaſing to myſelf?—To be ſure, ſaid I, that would have been ill-natured. It was lucky, however, that you happened to be perfectly diſengaged, and did not prefer any other woman.

You are miſtaken, my friend, ſaid he; I preferred many to the lady in queſtion, and one in particular, whoſe name I will not mention, but whom I love—whom I do love.——Comme on aime, ſaid I, interrupting him.——Non, parbleu! added he, with warmth, comme on n'aime pas.——Good Heaven! then, cried I, how could you think of marrying another?—Cela n'empêche rien, ſaid the Marquis, coolly;——for I could not marry the other. She had the ſtart of me, and had undergone the ceremony already; and therefore ſhe had no objection to my obliging my mother and relations in this particular, for ſhe is the beſt-natured woman in the world.

So

So ſhe appears to be, ſaid I.——O, pour cela oui, mon cher, added he, elle eſt la bonté même. However, I am very well pleaſed, upon the whole, that the affair has gone off without any fault of mine; and though it is poſſible that it may be brought on at ſome future period, I ſhall ſtill be a gainer, parceque un mariage reculé eſt toujours autant de gagné ſur le repentir. So ſaying, he wheeled on his heel, humming,

Non, tu ne le mettras pas, Colin, &c.

There's the picture of a French lover for you.——I ſet down the whole ſcene, as ſoon as F——— left me, and ſo I leave you to make your own reflections.

Adieu.

LETTER X.

Paris.

YOU have often heard the French accuſed of inſincerity, and of being warm in profeſſions, but devoid of real friendſhip.

Our countrymen, in particular, are led into this opinion, from the manners in general being more obſequious here, than in England. What Frenchmen conſider as common good manners, many Engliſhmen would call flattery, perhaps fawning.

Their language abounds in complimental phraſes, which they diſtribute with wonderful profuſion and volubility; but they intend no more by them, than an Engliſhman means when he ſubſcribes himſelf

your

your moſt obedient humble ſervant, at the concluſion of a letter.

A Frenchman not only means nothing beyond common civility, by the plentiful ſhower of compliments which he pours on every ſtranger; but alſo, he takes it for granted, that the ſtranger knows that nothing more is meant. Theſe expreſſions are fully underſtood by his own countrymen: he imagines all the world are as well informed; and he has not the ſmalleſt intention to deceive. But if any man take theſe expreſſions in a literal ſenſe, and believes that people are in reality inſpired with friendſhip, or have fallen in love with him at firſt ſight, he will be very much diſappointed; eſpecially if he expects ſtrong proofs of either.

Yet he has no right to accuſe the French of inſincerity, or breach of friendſhip.—— Friendſhip is intirely out of the queſtion.

They never intended to convey any other idea, than that they were willing to receive him on the footing of an acquaintance; ——and it was the buſineſs of his language-maſter to have informed him of the real import of their expreſſions.

If the ſame words indeed were literally tranſlated into Engliſh, and uſed by one Engliſhman to another, the perſon to whom they were addreſſed, would have good reaſon to imagine that the other had a particular regard for him, or meant to deceive him; becauſe the eſtabliſhed modes of civility and politeneſs in England do not require ſuch language.

The not making a proper allowance for different modes and uſages which accident has eſtabliſhed, is one great cauſe of the unfavourable and harſh ſentiments, which the people of the different countries of the

the world too often harbour againſt each other.

You may ſay, perhaps, that this ſuperfluity of compliments which the French make uſe of, is a proof of the matter in queſtion; that the French have leſs ſincerity than their neighbours. By the ſame rule we muſt conclude, that the common people of every nation, who uſe few complimental phraſes in their diſcourſe, have a greater regard to truth, and ſtronger ſentiments of friendſhip, than thoſe in the middle and higher ranks. But this is what I imagine it would be difficult to prove.

Theſe complimental phraſes, which have crept into all modern languages, may, perhaps, be ſuperfluous; or, if you pleaſe, abſurd: but they are ſo fully eſtabliſhed, that people of the greateſt integrity muſt uſe them, both in England and in France;

with this difference, that a ſmaller proportion will do in the language of the one country, than in that of the other; but they are indications of friendſhip in neither.

Friendſhip is a plant of ſlow growth, in every climate. Happy the man who can rear a few, even where he has the moſt ſettled reſidence. Travellers, paſſing through foreign countries, ſeldom take time to cultivate them; if they be preſented with ſome flowers, although of a flimſy texture and quicker growth, they ought to accept of them with thankfulneſs, and not quarrel with the natives, for chooſing to retain the other more valuable plant for their own uſe.

Of all travellers, the young Engliſh nobility and gentry have the leaſt right to find fault with their entertainment while on their tours abroad; for ſuch of them as ſhow a deſire of forming a connection with the

the inhabitants, by even a moderate degree of attention, are received upon eaſier terms than the travellers from any other country. But a very conſiderable number of our countrymen have not the ſmalleſt deſire of that nature: they ſeem rather to avoid their ſociety, and accept with reluctance every offer of hoſpitality. This happens partly from a prejudice againſt foreigners of every kind; partly from timidity or natural reſerve; and in a great meaſure from indolence, and an abſolute deteſtation of ceremony and reſtraint. Beſides, they hate to be obliged to ſpeak a language of which they ſeldom acquire a perfect command.

They frequently, therefore, form ſocieties or clubs of their own, where all ceremony is diſmiſſed, and the greateſt eaſe and latitude allowed in behaviour, dreſs, and converſation. There they confirm each other in all their prejudices, and with united

united voice condemn and ridicule the cuſtoms and manners of every country but their own.

By this conduct the true purpoſe of travelling is loſt or perverted; and many Engliſh travellers remain four or five years abroad, and have ſeldom, during all this ſpace, been in any company, but that of their own countrymen.

To go to France and Italy, and there converſe with none but Engliſh people, and merely that you may have it to ſay that you have been in thoſe countries, is certainly abſurd: Nothing can be more ſo, except to adopt with enthuſiaſm the faſhions, fopperies, taſte, and manners of thoſe countries, and tranſplant them to England, where they never will thrive, and where they always appear aukward and unnatural. For after all his efforts of imitation, a travelled Engliſhman is as different from a

French-

Frenchman or an Italian, as an Engliſh maſtiff is from a monkey or a fox: And if ever that ſedate and plain meaning dog ſhould pretend to the gay friſkineſs of the one, or to the ſubtilty of the other, we ſhould certainly value him much leſs than we do.

But I do not imagine that this extreme is by any means ſo common as the former. It is much more natural to the Engliſh character to deſpiſe foreigners than to imitate them. A few tawdry examples to the contrary, who return every winter from the continent, are hardly worth mentioning as exceptions.

LETTER XI.

Paris.

YOUR acquaintance B—— has been in Paris for theſe three weeks paſt. I cannot conceive how he has remained ſo long; for he has a very bad opinion of this nation, and is fraught with the ſtrongeſt prejudice againſt French manners in general: He conſiders all their politeſſe as impertinence, and receives their civilities as a prelude to the picking of his pocket.

He and I went this forenoon to a review of the foot-guards, by Marſhal Biron. There was a crowd; and we could with difficulty get within the circle ſo as to ſee

conve-

conveniently. An old officer of high rank touched ſome people who ſtood before us, ſaying,—Ces deux Meſſieurs ſont des étrangers; upon which they immediately made way, and allowed us to paſs.—Don't you think that was very obliging? ſaid I.—Yes, anſwered he; but, by heavens, it was very unjuſt.

We returned by the Boulevards, where crowds of citizens, in their holiday dreſſes, were making merry; the young dancing cotillons, the old beating time to the muſic, and applauding the dancers—all in a careleſs oblivion of the paſt, thoughtleſs of the future, and totally occupied with the preſent.—Theſe people ſeem very happy, ſaid I.—Happy! exclaimed B——; if they had common ſenſe or reflection, they would be miſerable. Why ſo?—Could not the miniſter, anſwered he, pick out half a dozen of them, if he pleaſed, and clap them into the

the Bicetre?—That is true indeed, ſaid I; that is a cataſtrophe which, to be ſure, may very probably happen, and yet I thought no more of it than they.

We met, a few days after he arrived, at a French houſe where we had both been invited to dinner. There was an old lady of quality preſent, next to whom a young officer was ſeated, who paid her the utmoſt attention.——He helped her to the diſhes ſhe liked, filled her glaſs with wine or water, and addreſſed his diſcourſe particularly to her.—What a fool, ſays B——, does that young fellow make of the poor old woman! If ſhe were my mother, d—n me, if I would not call him to an account for it.———

Though B—— underſtands French, and ſpeaks it better than moſt Engliſhmen, he had no reliſh for the converſation, ſoon left the company, and has refuſed all invita-

tions

tions to dinner ever ſince. He generally finds ſome of our countrymen who dine and paſs the evening with him at the Parc Royal.

After the review this day, we continued together, and being both diſengaged, I propoſed, by way of variety, to dine at the public ordinary of the Hôtel de Bourbon. He did not like this much at firſt.—I ſhall be teaſed, ſays he, with their confounded ceremony:—But on my obſerving that we could not expect much ceremony or politeneſs at a public ordinary, he agreed to go.

Our entertainment turned out different, however, from my expectations and his wiſhes: A marked attention was paid us the moment we entered; every body ſeemed inclined to accommodate us with the beſt places. They helped us firſt, and all the company ſeemed ready to ſacrifice every

little

little conveniency and diſtinction to the ſtrangers: For, next to that of a lady, the moſt reſpected character at Paris is that of a ſtranger.

After dinner, B—— and I walked into the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There was nothing real in all the fuſs thoſe people made about us, ſays he.

I can't help thinking it ſomething, ſaid I, to be treated with civility and apparent kindneſs in a foreign country—by ſtrangers who know nothing about us, but that we are Engliſhmen, and often their enemies.

But their politeneſs conſiſts in trifles, ſaid he.—In what conſiſts any body's politeneſs? rejoined I.—The utmoſt a Frenchman will do for you, added he, is to endeavour to amuſe you, and make your time paſs agreeably while you remain in his country. And I think that no trifle,

anſwered I.—There are ſo many ſources of uneaſineſs and vexation in this life, that I cannot help having a good will, and even gratitude, to all thoſe who enable me to forget them:—For ſuch people alleviate my pain, and contribute to my happineſs.

But theſe Frenchmen, rejoined he, do not care a farthing for you in their hearts.—And why ſhould I care a farthing for that? ſaid I.—We have nothing to do with their hearts—You do not expect a friend in every agreeable acquaintance.

But they are an intereſted ſet of people; and even thoſe among them who pretend to be your friends,—do it only for ſome ſelfiſh end.

That is only an aſſertion, ſaid I, but no proof.—If you ſtood in need of pecuniary aſſiſtance, they would not advance you a louis to ſave you from a jail, continued he.

I hope never to be perfectly aſcertained of that, ſaid I;—but if we were to cultivate friendſhip from the idea of aſſiſtance of that nature, it would be doing exactly what you accuſe them of: Beſides, continued I, the power and opportunity of obliging our acquaintances and friends with great, and, what are called, eſſential ſervices, ſeldom occur; but thoſe attentions and courteſies, which ſmooth the commerce between man and man, and ſweeten ſocial life, are in every body's power, and there are daily and hourly occaſions of diſplaying them,—particularly to ſtrangers.——Curſe their courteſies, ſaid he, they are the greateſt *Bore* in nature.—I hate the French.—They are the enemies of England, and a falſe, deceitful, perfidious—But as we did not come over, interrupted I, to fight them at preſent, we ſhall ſuſpend hoſtilities till a more convenient ſeaſon; and in the mean time, if you have no objection, let us go to the play.

He

He agreed to this propoſal, and here our converſation ended.

You know B—— is as worthy a fellow as lives; and, under a rough addreſs, conceals the beſt diſpoſition in the world. His manner, I imagine, was originally aſſumed from a notion, which he has in common with many people, that great politeneſs, and apparent gentleneſs of behaviour, are generally accompanied with falſehood and real coldneſs;—even inhumanity of character,—as if human nature, like marble, took a poliſh proportionable to its hardneſs.

This idea is certainly formed without an accurate examination, and from a ſuperficial view of mankind. As a booriſh addreſs is no proof of honeſty, ſo is politeneſs no indication of the reverſe;—and if they are once reduced to an equality in theſe particulars, it is evident that the latter is preferable in every other reſpect.

But to return to the French, I am clearly of opinion, that a ſtranger may fairly avail himſelf of every conveniency ariſing from their obliging manners, although he ſhould be convinced that all their aſſiduity and attention are unconnected with any regard to him, and flow entirely from vanity and ſelf-love. He may perceive that his Pariſian friend, while he loads him with civilities, is making a diſplay of his own proficiency in the ſcience of politeneſs, and endeavouring to thruſt himſelf forward in the good opinion of the company, by yielding the preference on a thouſand trifling occaſions:—Though he plainly ſees, that all this ſtooping is with a view to conquer, why ſhould he repine at a victory which is accompanied with ſo many conveniencies to himſelf? why quarrel with the motive while he feels the benefit of the effect?

If writers or preachers of morality could, by the force of eloquence, eradicate ſelfiſhneſs

neſs from the hearts of men, and make them in reality love their neighbours as themſelves, it would be a change devoutly to be wiſhed. But until that bleſſed event, let us not find fault with thoſe forms and attentions which create a kind of artificial friendſhip and benevolence, which for many of the purpoſes of ſociety produce the ſame effects as the true.

People who love to amuſe themſelves with play, and have not ready money, are obliged to uſe counters. You and I, my friend, as long as we cut and ſhuffle together, ſhall never have occaſion for ſuch a ſuccedaneum;—I am fully perſuaded we are provided, on both ſides, with a ſufficient quantity of pure gold.

LETTER XII.

Paris.

WHEN B—— and I went to the play-houſe, as was mentioned in my laſt, we found a prodigious crowd of people before the door: We could not get a place till after a conſiderable ſtruggle. The play was The Siege of Calais, founded on a popular ſtory, which muſt needs be intereſting and flattering to the French nation.

You cannot conceive what preſſing and crowding there is every night to ſee this favourite piece, which has had the ſame ſucceſs at Verſailles as at Paris.

There are ſome few critics, however, who aſſert that it is entirely devoid of merit, and owes its run to the popular nature

of the ſubject, more than to any intrinſic beauty in the verſes, which ſome declare are not even good French.

When it was laſt acted before the King, it is ſaid, his Majeſty, obſerving that the Duc d'Ayen did not join in applauding, but that he rather ſhewed ſome marks of diſguſt, turned to the Duke and ſaid, Vous n'applaudiſſez pas? Vous n'étes pas bon François, Monſieur le Duc:—To this the Duke replied,—à Dieu ne plaiſe que je ne fuſſe pas meilleur que les vers de la piéce.

Obedient to the court in every other particular, the French diſregard the deciſions pronounced at Verſailles in matters of taſte. It very often happens that a dramatic piece, which has been acted before the royal family and the court, with the higheſt applauſe, is afterwards damned with every circumſtance of ignominy at Paris. In all works of genius the Pariſians lead

the judgment of the courtiers, and dictate to their monarch.

In other countries of Europe, it has happened, that ſome prince of ſuperior talents has, by the brightneſs of his own genius, enlightened the minds of his ſubjects, and diſpelled the clouds of barbariſm from his dominions.

Since the commencement of this century a great empire has been improved from a ſtate of groſs ignorance, refined by the arts of peace, and inſtructed in the arts of war, by the vaſt genius and induſtry of one of its princes, who laid the foundation of its preſent power and grandeur.

Another inconſiderable ſtate, with fewer reſources, has, at a later period, been created a powerful monarchy, by the aſtoniſhing efforts, perſeverance, and magnanimity of its preſent king; whoſe love of

knowledge and the arts has drawn ſome of the greateſt geniuſes in Europe to his capital; whence ſcience and taſte muſt gradually flow through his whole dominions, where they were formerly but little cheriſhed.

In theſe inſtances, and others which might be enumerated, the princes have been ſuperior in genius to any of their ſubjects. The throne has been the ſource whence knowledge and refinement have flowed to the extremities of the nation.

But this has never been the caſe in France, where it is not the king who poliſhes the people;—but the people who refine the manners, humanize the heart, and, if it be not perfectly opaque, enlighten the underſtanding of the king.

Telemaque, and many other works, have been compoſed with this intention. In many

many addreſſes and remonſtrances to the throne, excellent precepts and hints are inſinuated in an indirect and delicate manner.

By the emphatic applauſe they beſtow on particular paſſages of the pieces repreſented at the theatre, they convey to the monarch the ſentiments of the nation reſpecting the meaſures of his government.

By aſcribing qualities to him which he does not poſſeſs, they endeavour to excite within his breaſt a deſire to attain them: They try to cajole him into virtue. Conſidered in this point of view, the deſign of the equeſtrian ſtatue which the city of Paris has erected in honour of Lewis XV. may have been ſuggeſted from a more generous motive than flattery, to which it is generally imputed. This was begun by Bouchardon; who died when the work

was

was well advanced, and has ſince been committed to Pigal to be finiſhed.

The horſe is placed on a very high pedeſtal. At the angles, are four figures, ſtanding in the manner of Caryatides, who repreſent the four virtues, Fortitude, Juſtice, Prudence, and the love of Peace. All the ornaments are of Bronze.

The two ſmall ſides of the pedeſtal are ornamented with gilded laurels and inſcriptions. On the front, towards the Thuilleries, is the following:

LUDOVICO XV.
OPTIMO PRINCIPI
QUOD
AD SCALDUM, MOSAM, RHENUM,
VICTOR
PACEM ARMIS
PACE
SUORUM ET EUROPÆ
FELICITATEM
QUÆSIVIT.

The

The large ſides of the pedeſtal are adorned with trophies and bas reliefs. One repreſents Lewis giving peace to Europe; the other repreſents him in a trium hal chariot, crowned by Victory, and conducted by Renown to a people who ſubmit.

When we recollect that the inſcription and emblems allude to the concluſion of the war before the laſt, and what kind of inſcriptions are uſually put under the ſtatues of kings, we ſhall not find any thing outrageouſly flattering in the above; the moral of which is, that the love of peace is one of the greateſt virtues a king can poſſeſs——The beſt moral that can be inſinuated into the breaſt of a monarch.

In this work the horſe is infinitely more admired, by ſculptors and ſatiriſts, than the king. But the greateſt overſight is, that the whole group, though all the figures are larger than life, have a diminutive appear-

appearance in the centre of the vaſt area in which they are placed.

The wits of Paris could not allow ſuch an opportunity of indulging their vein to eſcape unimproved. Many epigrams are handed about.—Here are two:

Bouchardon eſt un animal,
Et ſon ouvrage fait pitié;
Il place les vices à cheval,
Et met les vertus à pied.

Voilà notre Roi comme il eſt à Verſailles,
Sans foi, ſans loi, et ſans entrailles.

Both are too ſevere; giving the idea of wicked diſpoſitions, and cruelty of temper, which do not belong to Lewis the Fifteenth; whoſe real character, in three words, is, that of a good-natured, eaſy-tempered man, ſunk in ſloth and ſenſuality.

I have

I have ſeen another inſcription for the ſtatue handed about; it is in Latin, and very ſhort.

STATUA STATUÆ.

You may imagine that the authors of theſe would meet with a dreadful puniſhment, if they were diſcovered. No danger of that kind is ſufficient to reſtrain the inhabitants of this city, from writing and ſpreading ſuch paſquinades, which are greatly reliſhed by the whole nation.

Indeed, I imagine there is more of the ſpirit of revenge, than of good policy, in attempting to repel ſuch humours; which, if they did not get vent in this manner, might break out in a more dangerous ſhape.

Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Paris.

I Dined yeſterday with an equal number of both ſexes, at the Chevalier B—'s. He is F———'s very intimate friend, and has a charming houſe within a few leagues of Paris, which the Marquis makes full as much uſe of as the owner.

The Chevalier has a conſiderable revenue, which he ſpends with equal magnificence and œconomy. He has been married many years to his preſent lady, a moſt agreeable woman, with whom he poſſeſſes every thing which can make their union happy, except children. They endeavour to forget this diſagreeable circumſtance, by a conſtant ſucceſſion of company; and, which

is

is very ſingular here, the ſociety entertained by the huſband and wife are the ſame.

F———, though much younger than either, is a great favourite of both; and they are always pleaſed when he invites a ſmall company of his friends to dine at their houſe.

The preſent party had been propoſed by Madame de M——, a rich young widow, much admired here; of whom I ſhall give you a glimpſe, en paſſant——for do not imagine I undertake to deſcribe the moſt undeſcribable of all human beings,——a fine French lady.

Madame de M—— has ſome wit, more beauty, and a greater ſhare of vivacity than of both:—if there were a fourth degree of compariſon, I ſhould place her vanity there. She laughs a great deal, and ſhe is in the right; for her teeth are remarkably fine.

She

She talks very much, and in a loud and decisive tone of voice.—This is not so judicious, because her sentiments are not so brilliant as her teeth, and her voice is rather harsh.—She is received with attention and respect every where;—that she owes to her rank.—She is liked and followed by the men; this she owes to her beauty. She is not disliked by the women, which is probably owing to her foibles.

This lady is thought to be fond of F———: so, to prevent scandal, she desired me to call at her house, and attend her to the Chevalier's.

I found her at her toilette, in consultation with a general officer and two abbes, concerning a new head-dress which she had just invented.—It was smart and fanciful; and, after a few corrections, received the sanction of all those critics. They declared it to be a valuable discovery, and foretold

that it would immediately become the general mode of Paris, and do immortal honour to the genius of Madame de M—

She wheeled from before the mirror, with an air of exultation.—Ailons, donc, mes enfans——à la gloire,—cried ſhe; and was proceeding to give orders for her equipage, when a ſervant entered, and informed her, that Madame la Comteſſe had accepted her invitation, and would certainly do herſelf the honour of dining with her.

I deſpair of giving you an idea of the ſudden change which this meſſage occaſioned in the features of Madame de M—. Had ſhe heard of the death of her father, or her only child, ſhe could not have been more confounded.—Eſt il poſſible (ſaid ſhe, with an accent of deſpair) qu'on puiſſe être ſi bête!—The ſervant was called and examined regarding the import of the anſwer

he had brought from Madame la Comteſſe.—It was even ſo——ſhe was aſſuredly to come.—Freſh exclamations on the part of Madame de M——. Did you ſend to invite her for this day, ſaid I?—Undoubtedly I did, replied Madame de M——. That could be delayed no longer.—She came to town laſt Sunday.—I therefore ſent her the politeſt meſſage in the world, begging to have the honour of her company for this day, at dinner; and behold, the horrid woman (with a rudeneſs, or ignorance of life without example) ſends me word ſhe will come.

It is very ſhocking, indeed, ſaid I, that ſhe ſhould have miſunderſtood your kindneſs ſo prodigiouſly.—Is it not, ſaid ſhe? Could any mortal have expected ſo barbarous a return of civility?——She is connected with ſome of my relations in the country:—when ſhe came to town, I immediately left my name with her porter.—

She called next day on me—I had informed my Swiſs, that I was always to be out when ſhe came. I was denied accordingly.—Cela eſt tout ſimple, et ſelon les régles. The woman is twenty years older than I, and we muſt be inſupportable to each other.—She ought to have ſeen, that my invitation was dictated by politeneſs only:—the ſame politeneſs on her part ſhould have prompted her to ſend a refuſal. In this manner we might have viſited each other, dined and ſupped together, and remained on the moſt agreeable footing imaginable through the whole courſe of our lives:—but this inſtance of groſiereté muſt put an end to all connection.——Well—there is no remedy:—I muſt ſuffer purgatory for this one day. Adieu.—Preſent my compliments to Madame B—. Inform her of this horrid incident.

Having condoled with Madame de M— on her unmerited misfortune, I took my leave

leave and joined F——, to whom I recounted the ſad chance which had deprived us of that lady's company.

He did not appear quite ſo unhappy as ſhe had on the occaſion; but he ſwore he was convinced that the Counteſs had accepted the invitation to dinner par pure malice; for, to his knowledge, ſhe was acquainted with their party to the Chevalier B——'s, and had certainly ſeized that opportunity of plaguing Madame de M—, whom ſhe hated. Without that douceur, he imagined, the dinner would be as great a purgatory to the Counteſs, as it could poſſibly be to Madame de M——. How theſe affectionate friends contrived to paſs their time together I know not, but we had a moſt agreeable party at the Chevalier's—The Márquis entertaining the company with the hiſtory of Madame M—'s miſfortune, and the loving tête à tête which it had occaſioned.——This he re-

lated with ſuch ſprightlineſs, and deſcribed his own grief and diſappointment with ſuch a flow of good humour, as in ſome degree indemnified the company for the lady's abſence.

LETTER XIV.

Paris.

THOUGH the gentleneſs of French manners qualifies in ſome degree the ſeverity of the government; as I obſerved in a former letter, ſtill the condition of the common people is by no means comfortable.

When we conſider the prodigious reſources of this kingdom; the advantages it enjoys above almoſt every other country in point of ſoil, climate, and ſituation; the induſtry and ingenuity of the inhabitants, attached by affection to their Kings, and ſubmiſſive to the laws; we naturally expect that the bulk of the nation ſhould be at their eaſe, and that poverty ſhould be as little known here as in any country of

Europe. I do not ſpeak of that ideal or comparative poverty, the child of envy and covetouſneſs, which may be felt by the richeſt citizens of London or Amſterdam; or of the poverty produced in capitals by gaming, luxury, and diſſipation: But of that actual poverty, which ariſes when the laborious part of a nation cannot acquire a competent ſhare of the neceſſaries of life by their induſtry.

The two firſt flow from the vices and extravagance of individuals:—The other from a bad government.

Much of the firſt may be found in London, where more riches circulate than in any city in Europe; of the laſt there is little to be ſeen in the country of England.

The reverſe of this is the caſe in France, where the pooreſt inhabitants of the capital are often in a better ſituation than the

laborious peaſant. The former by adminiſtering to the luxuries, or by taking advantage of the follies of the great and the wealthy, may procure a tolerable livelihood, and ſometimes make a fortune; while the peaſant cannot, without much difficulty, earn a ſcanty and precarious ſubſiſtence.

To have an adequate idea of the wealth of England, we muſt viſit the provinces, and ſee how the nobility, the gentry, and eſpecially the farmers and country people in general live. The magnificence of the former, and the abundance which prevails among the latter claſſes, muſt aſtoniſh the natives of any other country in Europe.

To retain a favourable notion of the wealth of France, we muſt remain in the capital, or viſit a few trading or manufacturing towns; but muſt ſeldom enter the chateau of the Seigneur, or the hut of the peaſant. In the one, we ſhall find nothing but

but tawdry furniture, and from the other we ſhall be ſcared by penury.

A failure of crops, or a careleſs adminiſtration, may occaſion diſtreſs and ſcarcity of bread among the common people at a particular time: But when there is a permanent poverty through various reigns, and for a long tract of years, among the peaſantry of ſuch a country as France; this ſeems to me the ſureſt proof of a careleſs, and conſequently an oppreſſive government. Yet the French very ſeldom complain of their government, though often of their governors; and never of the King, but always of the miniſter.

Although the enthuſiaſtic affection which the people of this nation once felt for their preſent monarch be greatly abated, it is not annihilated. Some of the courtiers indeed, who are ſuppoſed to adminiſter to the King's pleaſures, are deteſted. The imprudent

dent oſtentatious luxury of the miſtreſs, is publicly execrated; but their cenſure of the King, even where they think themſelves quite ſafe, never burſts out as it would in ſome other nations, in violent expreſſions, ſuch as, Curſe his folly,—his weakneſs, or—his obſtinacy. No: Even their cenſure of him is intermingled with a kind of affectionate regret.—Naturellement il eſt bon, they ſay.—And when they obſerve the deplorable anxiety and diſguſt in his countenance, which are the concomitants of a conſtitution jaded by pleaſure, and of a mind incapable of application, they cry, Mon Dieu, qu'il eſt triſte!—Il eſt malheureux lui-même;——comment peut il penſer à nous autres?

I am perſuaded, that, in ſpite of the diſcontent which really ſubſiſts at preſent in France, the King might recover the eſteem and affection of his ſubjects at once by the ſimple manœuvre of diſmiſſing his miniſter,

miniſter, and a few other unpopular characters. A Lettre de cachet, ordering them to baniſhment, or ſhutting them up in the Baſtile, would be conſidered as a complete *revolution* of government, and the nation would require no other *Bill of Rights* than what proceeded from this dreadful inſtrument of tyranny.

As matters are at preſent, in my opinion, no body of men in France has, properly ſpeaking, any rights. The Princes, the nobleſſe, and the clergy, have indeed certain privileges which diſtinguiſh them in different degrees from their fellow-ſubjects: but as for rights, they have none; or, which amounts to the ſame thing, none which can defend them, or which they can defend againſt the Monarch, whenever he in his royal wiſdom chooſes to invade or annihilate them.

A French-

A Frenchman will tell you, that their parliaments have the right of remonſtrating to the throne upon certain occaſions.—This is a precious privilege indeed! the common council of London are in poſſeſſion of this glorious right alſo, and we all know what it avails. It is like the power of which Owen Glendower boaſted—— "calling ſpirits from the vaſty deep."—But the misfortune was, that none came in conſequence of his call.

The Parliaments of Paris can indeed remonſtrate; and have done it with ſuch ſtrength of reaſoning and energy of expreſſion, that if eloquence were able to prevail over unlimited power, every grievance would have been redreſſed.

Some of theſe remonſtrances diſplay not only examples of the moſt ſublime and pathetic eloquence, but alſo breathe a ſpirit of freedom which would do honour to a Britiſh Houſe of Commons.

The

The reſiſtance which the members of the parliament of Paris made to the will of the King, does them the greateſt honour. Indeed the lawyers in France have diſplayed more juſt and manly ſentiments of government, and have made a nobler ſtruggle againſt deſpotic power, than any ſet of men in the kingdom. It has therefore often affected me with ſurpriſe and indignation, to obſerve the attempts that are made here to turn this body of men into ridicule.

One of this profeſſion is never introduced on the ſtage but in a ridiculous character. This may give ſatisfaction to the prince, whoſe power they have endeavoured to limit, or to thoughtleſs ſlaviſh courtiers; but ought to be viewed with horror by the nation, for whoſe good the gentlemen of the long-robe have hazarded ſo much; for in their oppoſition to the court, much perſonal danger was to be feared, and no lucrative advantage to be reaped.

Thoſe

Thoſe who oppoſe the court meaſures in our iſland incur, I thank Heaven, no perſonal riſk on that account. ——A member of the Britiſh parliament may launch his patriotic bark in the moſt perfect ſecurity: —He may glide down the current of invective, ſpread all his canvas, catch every gale, and ſail for an hour or two upon the edge of treaſon, without any riſk of being ſucked into its whirlpool. But though he has nothing to fear, it is equally evident that he has nothing to hope from ſuch a voyage. Oppoſition was formerly conſidered as a means of getting into power: Mais nous avons changé tout cela. Let any one recollect the numbers who, with very moderate abilities, have crawled on their knees into office, and compare them with the numbers and ſucceſs of thoſe who, armed with genius and the artillery of eloquence, attempt the places by ſtorm; if, after this, he joins the aſſailants, he muſt either act from other motives than thoſe of ſelf-intereſt,

reſt, or betray his ignorance in the calculation of chances.

The ſecurity, and even the exiſtence, of the parliament of Paris, depending entirely on the pleaſure of the King, and having no other weapons, offenſive or defenſive, but juſtice, argument, and reaſon, their fate might have been foreſeen—the uſual fate of thoſe who have no other artillery to oppoſe to power:—The members were diſgraced, and the parliament aboliſhed. The meaſure was conſidered as violent; the exiles were regarded as martyrs; the people were aſtoniſhed and grieved. At length, recovering from their ſurpriſe, they diſſipated their ſorrow, as they do on all occaſions of great calamity,——by ſome very merry ſongs.

LETTER XV.

Paris.

MY friend F—— called on me a few days ſince, and as ſoon as he underſtood that I had no particular engagement, he inſiſted that I ſhould drive ſomewhere into the country, dine tête-à-tête with him, and return in time for the play.

When we had drove a few miles I perceived a genteel-looking young fellow, dreſſed in an old uniform. He ſat under a tree, on the graſs, at a little diſtance from the road, and amuſed himſelf by playing on the violin. As we came nearer we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his ſide.

What do you there, ſoldier? ſaid the Marquis.—I am on my way home to my own village, mon officier, ſaid the ſoldier. —But, my poor friend, reſumed the Marquis, you will be a furious long time before you arrive at your journey's end, if you have no other carriage beſides theſe, pointing at the fragments of his wooden leg.—I wait for my equipage and all my ſuite, ſaid the ſoldier; and I am greatly miſtaken if I do not ſee them this moment coming down the hill.

We ſaw a kind of cart, drawn by one horſe, in which was a woman, and a peaſant who drove the horſe.—While they drew near, the ſoldier told us he had been wounded in Corſica—that his leg had been cut off—that before ſetting out on that expedition, he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood—that the marriage had been poſtponed till his return;——but when he appeared with a wooden

wooden leg, that all the girl's relations had oppoſed the match.—The girl's mother, who was her only ſurviving parent, when he began his courtſhip, had always been his friend; but ſhe had died while he was abroad.—The young woman herſelf, however, remained conſtant in her affections, received him with open arms, and had agreed to leave her relations, and accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to ſet out in the diligence to the town where he was born, and where his father ſtill lived:——That on the way to Paris his wooden leg had ſnapped, which had obliged his miſtreſs to leave him, and go to the next village in queſt of a cart to carry him thither, where he would remain till ſuch time as the carpenter ſhould renew his leg.—C'eſt un malheur, concluded the ſoldier, mon officier, bien-tôt reparé—et voici mon amie!———

The girl ſprung before the cart, ſeized the outſtretched hand of her lover, and told him with a ſmile full of affection,—— that ſhe had ſeen an admirable carpenter, who had promiſed to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by to-morrow, and they might reſume their journey as ſoon after as they pleaſed.

The ſoldier received his miſtreſs's compliment as it deſerved.

She ſeemed about twenty years of age, a beautiful, fine ſhaped girl——a Brunette, whoſe countenance indicated ſentiment and vivacity.

You muſt be much fatigued, my dear, ſaid the Marquis.——On ne ſe fatigue pas, Monſieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime, replied the girl.—The ſoldier kiſſed her hand with a gallant and tender air.—When a woman has fixed her heart upon a

man, you ſee, ſaid the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or leſs that will make her change her ſentiments.—Nor was it his legs, ſaid Fanchon, which made any impreſſion on my heart. If they had made a little, however, ſaid the Marquis, you would not have been ſingular in your way of thinking; but, allons, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me.——This girl is quire charming—her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow;——they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four; —if you have no objection, they ſhall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and ſee what can be done for theſe lovers.—I never agreed to a propoſal with more pleaſure in my life.

The ſoldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-à-vis.—Come, come, friend, ſaid the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey: Get in

without more ado, and your miſtreſs ſhall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, ſaid the girl, ſince theſe gentlemen inſiſt upon doing us ſo much honour.

A girl like you would do honour to the fineſt coach in France. Nothing could pleaſe me more than to have it in my power to make you happy, ſaid the Marquis.—Laiſez moi faire, mon Colonel, ſaid the ſoldier. Je ſuis heureuſe comme une reine, ſaid Fanchon.—Away moved the chaiſe, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous ſommes heureux nous autres François à bon marché, ſaid the Marquis to me, adding with a ſmile, le bonheur, à ce qu'on m'a dit, eſt plus cher en Angleterre. But, anſwered I, how long will this laſt with theſe poor people?—Ah, pour le coup, ſaid he, voilà

une reflexion bien Angloiſe—that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be ſorrowful through life, becauſe we do not know how ſoon misfortunes may come, and becauſe we are quite certain that death is to come at laſt.

When we arrived at the inn to which we had ordered the poſtillion to drive, we found the ſoldier and Fanchon. After having ordered ſome victuals and wine—Pray, ſaid I to the ſoldier, how do you propoſe to maintain your wife and yourſelf?—One who has contrived to live for five years on ſoldier's pay, replied he, can have little difficulty for the reſt of his life.——I can play tolerably well on the fiddle, added he, and perhaps there is not a village in all France of the ſize, where there are ſo many marriages as in that in which we are going to ſettle——I ſhall never want employment.

——And I, ſaid Fanchon, can weave hair nets and ſilk purſes, and mend ſtockings. Beſides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and although he is brother-in-law to the Bailiff, and *volontiers brutal*, yet I will make him pay it every ſous—And I, ſaid the ſoldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket; beſides two louis that I lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay the taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able.

You ſee, Sir, ſaid Fanchon to me, that we are not objects of compaſſion.——May we not be happy, my good friend (turning to her lover with a look of exquiſite tenderneſs), if it be not our own fault?——If you are not, ma douce amie! ſaid the ſoldier with great warmth, je ſerai bien à plaindre——I never felt a more charming ſenſation.—The tear trembled in the Marquis's eye.——Ma foi, ſaid he to me, c'eſt une comédie larmoyante——Then, turning

to

to Fanchon, Come hither, my dear, ſaid he, till ſuch time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis, accept of this from me, putting a purſe of louis into her hand—I hope you will continue to love your huſband, and to be loved by him.—Let me know from time to time how your affairs go on, and how I can ſerve you. This will inform you of my name, and where I live. But if ever you do me the pleaſure of calling at my houſe at Paris,—be ſure to bring your huſband with you; for I would not wiſh to eſteem you leſs or love you more than I do this moment. Let me ſee you ſometimes; but always bring your huſband along with you.——I ſhall never be afraid to truſt her with you, ſaid the ſoldier:—She ſhall ſee you as often as ſhe pleaſes, without my going with her.

It was by too much venturing (as your ſerjeant told me) that you loſt your leg, my

my beſt friend, ſaid Fanchon, with a ſmile to her lover. Monſieur le Colonel n'eſt que trop aimable. I ſhall follow his advice literally, and when I have the honour of waiting on him, you ſhall always attend me.

Heaven bleſs you both, my good friends, ſaid the Marquis; may he never know what happineſs is who attempts to interrupt your felicity!——It ſhall be my buſineſs to find out ſome employment for you; my fellow-ſoldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle. In the mean time, ſtay here till a coach comes, which ſhall bring you both this night to Paris; my ſervant ſhall provide lodgings for you, and the beſt ſurgeon for wooden legs that can be found. When you are properly equipped, let me ſee you before you go home. Adieu, my honeſt fellow; be kind to Fanchon: She ſeems to deſerve your love. Adieu, Fanchon; I ſhall be happy to hear that

you

you are as fond of Dubois two years hence as you are at preſent. So ſaying, he ſhook Dubois by the hand, ſaluted Fanchon, puſhed me into the carriage before him, and away we drove.

As we returned to town, he broke out ſeveral times into warm praiſes of Fanchon's beauty, which inſpired me with ſome ſuſpicion that he might have further views upon her.

I was ſufficiently acquainted with his free manner of life, and I had a little before ſeen him on the point of being married to one woman, after he had arranged every thing, as he called it, with another.

To ſatisfy myſelf in this particular, I queſtioned him in a jocular ſtyle on this ſubject.

No,

No, my friend, ſaid he, Fanchon ſhall never be attempted by me.——Though I think her exceedingly pretty, and of that kind of beauty too that is moſt to my taſte; yet I am more charmed with her conſtancy to honeſt Dubois, than with any other thing about her:—If ſhe loſes that, ſhe will loſe her greateſt beauty in my eyes. Had ſhe been ſhackled to a moroſe, exhauſted, jealous fellow, and deſired a redreſs of grievances, the caſe would have been different; but her heart is fixed upon her old lover Dubois, who ſeems to be a worthy man, and I dare ſay will make her happy. If I were inclined to try her, very probably it would be in vain:—The conſtancy which has ſtood firm againſt abſence, and a cannon-ball, would not be overturned by the airs, the tinſel, and the jargon of a petit maitre.——It gives me pleaſure to believe it would not, and I am determined never to make the trial.

F-

F——— never appeared ſo perfectly amiable.

B—— called and ſupped with me the ſame evening. I was too full of the adventure of Fanchon and Dubois not to mention it to him, with all the particulars of the Marquis's behaviour.——This F——— of yours, ſaid he, is an honeſt fellow. Do—contrive to let us dine with him to-morrow.——By the bye, continued he after a little pauſe, are not thoſe F——'s originally from England?—I think I have heard of ſuch a name in Yorkſhire.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Paris.

I Am uneaſy when I hear people aſſert, that mankind always act from motives of ſelf-intereſt. It creates a ſuſpicion that thoſe who maintain this ſyſtem, judge of others by their own feelings. This concluſion, however, may be as erroneous as the general aſſertion; for I have heard it maintained (perhaps from affectation) by very diſintereſted people, who, when puſhed, could not ſupport their argument without perverting the received meaning of language.—Thoſe who perform generous or apparently diſintereſted actions, ſay they, are prompted by ſelfiſh motives——by the pleaſure which they themſelves feel.——There are people who have this feeling ſo ſtrong, that they cannot paſs a miſerable

object

object without endeavouring to aſſiſt him.—Such people really relieve themſelves when they relieve the wretched.

All this is very true: but is it not a ſtrange aſſertion, that people are not benevolent, becauſe they cannot be otherwiſe?

Two men are ſtanding near a fruit-ſhop in St. James's ſtreet. There are ſome pine-apples within the window, and a poor woman, with an infant crying at her empty breaſt, without. One of the gentlemen walks in, pays a guinea for a pine-apple, which he calmly devours; while the woman implores him for a penny, to buy her a morſel of bread—and implores in vain: not that this fine gentleman values a penny; but to put his hand in his pocket would give him ſome trouble;——the diſtreſs of the woman gives him none. The other man happens to have a guinea in his pocket alſo;

alſo; he gives it to the woman, walks home, and dines on beef-ſteaks, with his wife and children.

Without doing injuſtice to the taſte of the former, we may believe, that the latter received the higher gratification for his guinea.——You will never convince me, however, that his motive in beſtowing it was as ſelfiſh as the other's.

Some few days after the adventure I mentioned in my laſt letter, I met F—— and B—— at the opera. They had become acquainted with each other at my lodgings two days before, according to B——'s deſire.—It gave me pleaſure to ſee them on ſo good a footing.

F—— invited us to go home and ſit an hour with him before he went to bed; —to which we aſſented.

The

The Marquis then told us, we ſhould have the pleaſure of ſeeing Fanchon, in her beſt gown, and Dubois, with his new leg—for he had ordered his valet to invite them, with two or three of his companions, to a little ſupper.

While the Marquis was ſpeaking, his coach drove up to the door of the opera—where a well-known lady was at that moment waiting for her carriage.

B—— ſeemed to recollect himſelf of a ſudden, ſaying, he muſt be excuſed from going with us, having an affair of ſome importance to tranſact at home.

The Marquis ſmiled——ſhook B—— by the hand—ſaying, c'eſt apparemment quelque affaire qui regarde la conſtitution, vivent les Anglois pour l'amour patriotique.

When we arrived at the Marquis's, the ſervants and their gueſts were aſſembled in the little garden behind the hotel, and dancing, by moon-light, to Dubois's muſic.

He and Fanchon were invited to a glaſs of wine in the Marquis's parlour.—The poor fellow's heart ſwelled at the ſight of his benefactor.——He attempted to expreſs his gratitude; but his voice failed, and he could not articulate a word.

Vous n'avez pas à faire à des ingrats, Monſieur le Colonel, ſaid Fanchon. My huſband, continued ſhe, is more affected with your goodneſs, than he was by the loſs of his leg, or the cruelty of my relations.——She then, in a ſerious manner, with the voice of gratitude, and in the language of Nature, expreſſed her own and her huſband's obligations to the Marquis; and, amongſt others, ſhe alluded to twenty louis which

which her huſband had received *de ſa part* that very afternoon.——You intend to make a ſaint of a ſinner, my dear, ſaid the Marquis, and to ſucceed the better, you invent falſe miracles. I know nothing of the twenty louis you mention.——But I know a great deal; for here they are in my pocket, ſays Dubois.—The Marquis ſtill inſiſted they had not come from him.—— The ſoldier then declared, that he had called about one o'clock, to pay his duty to Monſieur de F———; but not finding him at home, he was returning to his lodgings, when, in the ſtreet, he obſerved a gentleman looking at him with attention, who ſoon accoſted him, demanding if his name was not Dubois? If he had not loſt his leg at Corſica? and ſeveral other queſtions, which being anſwered in the affirmative, he ſlipped twenty louis into his hand, telling him that it would help to furniſh his houſe.——Dubois in aſtoniſhment had exclaimed—Mon Dieu! voilà

encore Monſieur de F———. Upon which the ſtranger had replied:—Yes, he ſends you that, by me: and immediately he turned into another ſtreet, and Dubois ſaw no more of him.

We were all equally ſurprized at the ſingularity of this little adventure. On enquiring more particularly about the appearance of the ſtranger, I was convinced he could be no other than B——.

I remembered he had been affected with the ſtory of Dubois when I told it him. You know B—— is not one of thoſe, who allow any emotions of that nature to paſs unimproved, or to evaporate in ſentiment. He generally puts them to ſome practical uſe.—So having met Dubois accidentally in the ſtreet, he had made him this ſmall preſent, in the manner above related; and on his underſtanding that Dubois and Fanchon were at F———'s, he

he had declined going, to avoid any explanation on the ſubject.

Had our friend B—— been a man of ſyſtem, or much reflection, in his charity, he would have conſidered, that as the ſoldier had already been taken good care of, and was under the protection of a generous man, there was no call for his interfering in the buſineſs; and he would probably have kept his twenty guineas for ſome more preſſing occaſion.

There are men in the world (and very uſeful and moſt reſpectable men no doubt they are) who examine the pro's and the con's before they decide upon the moſt indifferent occaſion; who are directed in all their actions by propriety, and by the general received notions of duty. They weigh, in the niceſt ſcales, every claim that an acquaintance, a relation, or a friend may have on them; and they en-

deavour to pay them on demand, as they would a bill of exchange. They calculate their income, and proportion every expence; and hearing it aſſerted every week from the pulpit, that there is exceeding good intereſt to be paid one time or other, for the money that is given to the poor, they riſk a little every year upon that venture. Their paſſions, and their affairs are always in excellent order; they walk through life undiſturbed by the misfortunes of others; and when they come to the end of their journey, they are decently interred in a church-yard.

There is another ſet of men, who never calculate; for they are generally guided by the heart, which never was taught arithmetic, and knows nothing of accounts. Their heads have ſcarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and without the conſent of the heart, moſt certainly

certainly none in their friendſhips. They perform acts of benevolence, without recollecting that this is a duty, merely for the pleaſure they afford; and perhaps forget them, as they do their own pleaſures, when paſt.

As for little occaſional charities, theſe are as natural to ſuch characters as breathing; and they claim as little merit for the one as for the other, the whole ſeeming an affair of inſtinct rather than of reflection.

That the firſt of theſe two claſſes of men is the moſt uſeful to ſociety; that their affairs will be conducted with moſt circumſpection; that they will keep out of many ſcrapes and difficulties that the others may fall into; and that they are (if you inſiſt upon it very violently) the moſt virtuous of the two, I ſhall not

diſpute: Yet for the ſoul of me I cannot help preferring the other; for almoſt all the friends I have ever had in my life, are of the ſecond claſs.

LETTER XVII.

Paris.

CONſidering the natural gaiety and volatility of the French nation, I have often been ſurpriſed at their fondneſs for tragedy, eſpecially as their tragedies are barren of incident, full of long dialogues, and declamatory ſpeeches;—and modelled according to the ſtricteſt code of critical legiſlation.

The moſt ſprightly and faſhionable people of both ſexes flock to theſe entertainments in preference to all others, and liſten with unrelaxed gravity and attention. One would imagine that ſuch a ſerious, correct and uniform amuſement, would be more congenial with the phlegm, and ſaturnine diſpoſitions of the Engliſh, than with

with the gay, volatile temper of the French.

An Engliſh audience loves ſhow, buſtle, and incident, in their tragedies; and have a mortal averſion to long dialogues and ſpeeches, however fine the ſentiments, and however beautiful the language may be.

In this it would ſeem, that the two nations had changed characters. Perhaps it would be difficult to account for it in a ſatisfactory manner. I ſhall not attempt it. A Frenchman would cut the matter ſhort, by ſaying, that the Paris audience has a more correct and juſt taſte than that of London; that the one could be amuſed and delighted with poetry and ſentiment, while the other could not be kept awake without buſtle, guards, proceſſions, trumpets, fighting, and murder.

For my own part, I admire the French Melpomene more in the cloſet than on the ſtage. I cannot be reconciled to the French actors of tragedy. Their pompous manner of declaiming ſeems to me very unnatural. The ſtrut, and ſuperb geſtures, and what they call la manière noble, of their boaſted Le Kain, appear, in my eyes, a little outrè.

The juſtneſs, the dignified ſimplicity, the energy of Garrick's action, have deſtroyed my reliſh for any manner different from his. That exquiſite, but concealed art, that magic power, by which he could melt, freeze, terrify the ſoul, and command the obedient paſſions as he pleaſed, we look for in vain, upon our own, or any other ſtage.

What Horace ſaid of Nature, may be applied with equal juſtice to that unrivalled actor:

——Juvat,

——————— Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit.

One of the moſt difficult things in acting is the player's concealing himſelf behind the character he aſſumes: The inſtant the ſpectator gets a peep of him, the whole illuſion vaniſhes, and the pleaſure is ſucceeded by diſguſt. In Oedipus, Mahomet, and Oroſmane, I have always detected Le Kain; but I have ſeen the Engliſh Roſcius repreſent Hamlet, Lear, Richard, without recollecting that there was ſuch a perſon as David Garrick in the world.

The French tragedians are apt in my opinion *to overſtep the modeſty of nature.* Nature is not the criterion by which their merit is to be tried.—The audience meaſures them by a more ſublime ſtandard, and if they come not up to that, they cannot paſs muſter.

Natural

Natural action, and a natural elocution, they ſeem to think incompatible with dignity, and imagine that the hero muſt announce the greatneſs of his ſoul by ſupercilious looks, haughty geſtures, and a hollow ſounding voice. Such eaſy familiar dialogue as Hamlet holds with his old ſchool-fellow Horatio, appears to them low, vulgar, and inconſiſtent with the dignity of tragedy.

But if ſimplicity of manners be not inconſiſtent, in real life, with genius, and the moſt exalted greatneſs of mind, I do not ſee why the actor who repreſents a hero, ſhould always aſſume motions and geſtures of uncommon dignity, and which we have no reaſon to think were ever in uſe in any age, or among any rank of men.

Simplicity of manners, however, is ſo far from being inconſiſtent with magnanimity, that the one for the moſt part accompanies the

the other. The French have ſome reaſon to lean to this opinion; for two of the greateſt men their nation ever produced were remarkable for the ſimplicity of their manners. Henry IV. and Maréchal Turenne were diſtinguiſhed by that, as well as by their magnanimity and other heroic virtues.

How infinitely ſuperior in real greatneſs and intrinſic merit, were thoſe men to the ſtrutting oſtentatious Lewis, who was always affecting a greatneſs he never poſſeſſed, —till misfortune humbled his mind to the ſtandard of humanity? Then indeed, throwing away his pageantry and bluſter, he aſſumed true dignity, and for the firſt time obtained the admiration of the judicious. In the correſpondence with de Torcy, Lewis's letters, which it is now certain were written and compoſed by himſelf, prove this, and diſplay a ſoundneſs of judgment and real greatneſs of mind which ſel-

dom appeared in the meridian of what they call his glory.

What Lewis was (in the height of his proſperity) to Henry in the eſſential qualities of a King and Hero, ſuch is Le Kain to Garrick as an actor.

The French ſtage can boaſt at preſent of more than one actreſs who may diſpute the laurel of tragedy with Mrs. Yates, or Mrs. Barry.

In comedy, the French actors excel, and can produce at all times a greater number far above mediocrity, than are to be found on the Engliſh ſtage.

The national character and manners of the French give them perhaps advantages in this line; and beſides, they have more numerous reſources to ſupply them with actors of every kind. In all the large trading

trading and manufacturing towns, of which there are a great number in France, there are playhouſes eſtabliſhed. The ſame thing takes place in moſt of the frontier towns, and wherever there is a garriſon of two or three regiments.

There are companies of French comedians alſo at the northern courts, in all the large towns of Germany, and at ſome of the courts in Italy. All of theſe are academies which educate actors for the Paris ſtage.

In genteel comedy particularly, I imagine the French actors excel ours. They have in general more the appearance of people of faſhion.

There is not ſuch a difference between the manners and behaviour of the people of the firſt rank, and thoſe of the middle and lower ranks, in France as in England.

Players therefore, who wiſh to catch the manners of people of high rank and faſhion, do not undertake ſo great a taſk in the one country as in the other.

You very ſeldom meet with an Engliſh ſervant who could paſs for a man of quality or faſhion; and accordingly very few people who have been in that ſituation ever appear on the Engliſh ſtage: But there are many *valets de place* in Paris ſo very polite, ſo completely poſſeſſed of all the little etiquettes, faſhionable phraſes, and uſual airs of the *beau monde*, that if they were ſet off by the ornaments of dreſs and equipage, they would paſs in many of the courts of Europe for men of faſhion, très polis,—bien aimables,—tout-à-fait comme il faut, et avec infiniment d'eſprit; and could be detected only at the court of France, or by ſuch foreigners as have had opportunities of obſerving, and penetration to diſtinguiſh, the genuine eaſe, and natural politeneſs

which prevail among the people of rank in this country.

In the character of a lively, petulant, genteel petit maitre of faſhion, Mollé excels any actor in London.

The ſuperiority of the French in genteel comedy is ſtill more evident with regard to the actreſſes. Very few Engliſh actreſſes have appeared equal to the parts of Lady Betty Modiſh, in The Careleſs Huſband, or of Millamant, in The Way of the World. Groſs abſurdity, extravagant folly and affectation are eaſily imitated; but the elegant coquetry, the lively, playful, agreeable affectation of theſe two finely imagined characters, require greater powers. I imagine, however, from the execution I have obſerved in ſimilar parts, that there are ſeveral actreſſes on the French ſtage at preſent who could do them ample juſtice. Except Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Abington, I know no

actreſs in England who could give an adequate idea of all that Congreve meant in Millamant.

It is remarkable, that the latter alſo excels in a character the moſt perfectly oppoſite to this, that of an ill taught, aukward, country girl. Perhaps there is no ſuch young lady in France as Congreve's Miſs Prue; but if there were many ſuch originals, no actreſs in that kingdom could give a copy more exquiſite than Mrs. Abington's.

In low comedy the French are delightful. I can form no notion of any thing ſuperior to Preville in many of his parts.

The little French operas which are given at the Comedie Italienne are executed in a much more agreeable manner than any thing of the ſame kind at London. Their balets alſo are more beautiful:—There is a gentilleſſe and legèreté in their manner

of repreſenting theſe little fanciful pieces, which make our ſingers and dancers appear ſomewhat aukward and clumſy in the compariſon.

As for the Italian pieces, they are now performed only thrice a week, and the French ſeem to have loſt in a great meaſure their reliſh for them. Carlin, the celebrated Harlequin, is the only ſupport of theſe pieces. You are acquainted with the wonderful naïveté and comic powers of this man, which make us forget the extravagance of the Italian drama, and which can create objects of unbounded mirth, from a chaos of the moſt incoherent and abſurd materials.

An advantageous figure, a graceful manner, a good voice, a ſtrong memory, an accurate judgment, are all required in a player: Senſibility, and the power of expreſſing the emotions of the heart by the voice

and

and features, are indiſpenſable. It ſeems therefore unreaſonable, not to conſider that profeſſion as creditable, in which we expect ſo many qualities united; while many others are thought reſpectable, in which we daily ſee people arrive at eminence without common ſenſe.

This prejudice is ſtill ſtronger in France than in England. In a company where Monſ. le Kain was, mention happened to be made, that the King of France had juſt granted a penſion to a certain ſuperannuated actor. An officer preſent, fixing his eyes on Le Kain, expreſſed his indignation at ſo much being beſtowed on a raſcally player, while he himſelf had got nothing. Eh, Monſieur! retorted the actor, comptez-vous pour rien la liberté de me parler ainſi?

LETTER XVIII.

Geneva.

I Found myſelf ſo much hurried during the laſt week of my ſtay at Paris, that it was not in my power to write to you.

Ten thouſand little affairs, which might have been arranged much better, and performed with more eaſe, had they been tranſacted as they occurred, were all crowded, by the ſlothful demon of procraſtination, into the laſt buſtling week, and executed in an imperfect manner.

I have often admired, without being able perfectly to imitate, thoſe who have the happy talent of intermingling buſineſs with amuſement.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure and buſineſs contraſt and give a reliſh to each other, like day and night, the conſtant viciſſitudes of which are far more delightful than an uninterrupted half year of either would be.

To paſs life in the moſt agreeable manner, one ought not to be ſo much a man of pleaſure as to poſtpone any neceſſary buſineſs; nor ſo much a man of buſineſs as to deſpiſe elegant amuſement. A proper mixture of both forms a more infallible ſpecific againſt *tedium* and fatigue, than a conſtant regimen of the moſt pleaſant of the two.

As ſoon as I found the D—— of H—— diſpoſed to leave Paris, I made the neceſſary arrangements for our departure, and a few days after we began our journey.

Paſſing through Dijon, Chalons, Macon, and a country delightful to behold, but

tedious to deſcribe, we arrived on the fourth day at Lyons.

After Paris, Lyons is the moſt magnificent town in France, enlivened by induſtry, enriched by commerce, beautified by wealth, and by its ſituation, in the middle of a fertile country, and at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone. The numbers of inhabitants are eſtimated at 200,000. The theatre is accounted the fineſt in France, and all the luxuries in Paris are to be found at Lyons, though not in equal perfection.

The manners and converſation of merchants and manufacturers have been generally conſidered as peculiar to themſelves. It is very certain that there is a ſtriking difference in theſe particulars between the inhabitants of all the manufacturing and commercial towns of Britain, and thoſe of Weſtminſter. I could not remark the ſame difference

difference between the manners and addreſs of the people of Lyons and the courtiers of Verſailles itſelf.

There appeared to me a wonderful ſimilitude between the two. It is probable, however, that a Frenchman would perceive a difference where I could not. A foreigner does not obſerve the different accents in which an Engliſhman, a Scotchman, and an Iriſhman ſpeak Engliſh; neither perhaps does he obſerve any difference between the manners and addreſs of the inhabitants of Briſtol, and thoſe of Groſvenor-ſquare, though all theſe are obvious to a native of England.

After a ſhort ſtay at Lyons, we proceeded to Geneva, and here we have remained theſe three weeks, without feeling the ſmalleſt inclination to ſhift the ſcene. That I ſhould wiſh to remain here is no way ſurpriſing, but it was hardly to be expected

expected that the D— of H—— would have been of the ſame mind.—Fortunately, however, this is the caſe.—I know no place on the continent to which we could go with any probability of gaining by the change: The opportunities of improvement here are many, the amuſements are few in number; and of a moderate kind: The hours glide along very ſmoothly, and though they are not always quickened by pleaſure, they are unretarded by languor, and unruffled by remorſe.

As for myſelf, I have been ſo very often and ſo miſerably diſappointed in my hopes of happineſs by change, that I ſhall not, without ſome powerful motive, incline to forego my preſent ſtate of content, for the change of more exquiſite enjoyments in a different place or ſituation.

I have at length learnt by my own experience (for not one in twenty profits by the

the experience of others), that one great ſource of vexation proceeds from our indulging too ſanguine hopes of enjoyment from the bleſſings we expect, and too much indifference for thoſe we poſſeſs. We ſcorn a thouſand ſources of ſatisfaction which we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be diſturbed, and our time to paſs unenjoyed, from impatience for ſome imagined pleaſure at a diſtance, which we may perhaps never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleaſure. Young ſays,

> The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
> And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is our own.

The devil thus cheats men both out of the enjoyment of this life and of that which is to come, making us in the firſt place prefer the pleaſures of this life to thoſe of a future ſtate, and then continually prefer future

future pleaſures in this life to theſe which are preſent.

The ſum of all theſe apophthegms amounts to this:—We ſhall certainly remain at Geneva till we become more tired of it than at preſent.

LETTER XIX.

Geneva.

THE ſituation of Geneva is in many reſpects as happy as the heart of man could deſire, or his imagination conceive. The Rhone, ruſhing out of the nobleſt lake in Europe, flows through the middle of the city, which is encircled by fertile fields, cultivated by the induſtry, and adorned by the riches and taſte of the inhabitants.

The long ridge of mountains called Mount Jura on the one ſide, with the Alps, the Glaciers of Savoy, and the ſnowy head of Mont Blanc on the other, ſerve as boundaries to the moſt charmingly variegated landſcape that ever delighted the eye.

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With theſe advantages in point of ſituation, the citizens of Geneva enjoy freedom untainted by licentiouſneſs, and ſecurity unbought by the horrors of war.

The great number of men of letters, who either are natives of the place, or have choſen it for their reſidence, the decent manners, the eaſy circumſtances, and humane diſpoſitions of the Genevois in general, render this city and its environs a very deſirable retreat for people of a philoſophic turn of mind, who are contented with moderate and calm enjoyments, have no local attachments or domeſtic reaſons for preferring another country, and who wiſh in a certain degree to retire from the buſtle of the world to a narrower and calmer ſcene, and there for the reſt of their days—

Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

As education here is equally cheap and liberal, the citizens of Geneva of both ſexes

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are remarkably well inſtructed. I do not imagine that any country in the world can produce an equal number of perſons (taken without election from all degrees and profeſſions) with minds ſo much cultivated as the inhabitants of Geneva poſſeſs.

It is not uncommon to find mechanics in the intervals of their labour amuſing themſelves with the works of Locke, Monteſquieu, Newton, and other productions of the ſame kind.

When I ſpeak of the cheapneſs of a liberal education, I mean for the natives and citizens only; for ſtrangers now find every thing dear at Geneva. Wherever Engliſhmen reſort, this is the caſe. If they do not find things dear, they ſoon make them ſo.

The democratical nature of their government inſpires every citizen with an idea of his own importance: He perceives that

that no man in the republic can inſult, or even neglect him, with impunity.

It is an excellent circumſtance in any government, when the moſt powerful man in the ſtate has ſomething to fear from the moſt feeble. This is the caſe here: The meaneſt citizen of Geneva is poſſeſſed of certain rights, which render him an object deſerving the attention of the greateſt. Beſides, a conſciouſneſs of this makes him reſpect himſelf; a ſentiment, which, within proper bounds, has a tendency to render a man reſpectable to others.

The general character of human nature forbids us to expect that men will always act from motives of public ſpirit, without an eye to private intereſt. The beſt form of government, therefore, is that in which the intereſt of individuals is moſt intimately blended with the public good.—This may be more perfectly accompliſhed in a ſmall

ſmall republic than in a great monarchy.—In the firſt, men of genius and virtue are diſcovered and called to offices of truſt by the impartial admiration of their fellow-citizens—in the other, the higheſt places are diſpoſed of by the caprice of the prince, or of his miſtreſs, or of thoſe courtiers, male or female, who are neareſt his perſon, watch the variations of his humour, and know how to ſeize the ſmiling moments, and turn them to their own advantage or that of their dependents. Monteſquieu ſays, that a ſenſe of honour produces the ſame effects in a monarchy, that public ſpirit or patriotiſm does in a republic: It muſt be remembered, however, that the firſt, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is generally confined to the nobility and gentry; whereas public ſpirit is a more univerſal principle, and ſpreads through all the members of the commonwealth.

As far as I can judge, a ſpirit of independency and freedom, tempered by ſentiments of decency and the love of order, influence, in a moſt remarkable manner, the minds of the ſubjects of this happy republic.

Before I knew them, I had formed an opinion, that the people of this place were fanatical, gloomy-minded, and unſociable, as the puritans in England, and the preſbyterians in Scotland were, during the civil wars, and the reigns of Charles II. and his brother. In this, however, I find I had conceived a very erroneous notion.

There is not, I may venture to aſſert, a city in Europe where the minds of the people are leſs under the influence of ſuperſtition or fanatical enthuſiaſm than at Geneva. Servetus, were he now alive, would not run the ſmalleſt riſk of perſecution. The preſent clergy have, I am perſuaded,

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as little the inclination as the power of moleſting any perſon for ſpeculative opinions. Should the Pope himſelf chuſe this city for a retreat, it would be his own fault if he did not live in as much ſecurity as at the Vatican.

The clergy of Geneva in general are men of ſenſe, learning, and moderation, impreſſing upon the minds of their hearers the tenets of Chriſtianity with all the graces of pulpit eloquence, and illuſtrating the efficacy of the doctrine by their conduct in life.

The people of every ſtation in this place attend ſermons and the public worſhip with remarkable punctuality. The Sunday is honoured with the moſt reſpectful decorum during the hours of divine ſervice; but as ſoon as that is over, all the uſual amuſements commence.

The public walks are crowded by all degrees of people in their beſt dreſſes.—The different ſocieties, and what they call circles, aſſemble in the houſes and gardens of individuals.—They play at cards and at bowls, and have parties upon the lake with muſic.

There is one cuſtom univerſal here, and, as far as I know, peculiar to this place: The parents form ſocieties for their children at a very early period of their lives. Theſe ſocieties conſiſt of ten, a dozen, or more children of the ſame ſex, and nearly of the ſame age and ſituation in life. They aſſemble once a week in the houſes of the different parents, who entertain the company by turns with tea, coffee, biſcuits and fruit; and then leave the young aſſembly to the freedom of their own converſation.

This connection is ſtrictly kept up through life, whatever alterations may take place

place in the ſituations or circumſtances of the individuals. And although they ſhould afterwards form new or preferable intimacies, they never entirely abandon this ſociety; but to the lateſt period of their lives continue to paſs a few evenings every year with the companions of their youth and their earlieſt friends.

The richer claſs of the citizens have country-houſes adjacent to the town, where they paſs one half of the year. Theſe houſes are all of them neat, and ſome of them ſplendid. One piece of magnificence they poſſeſs in greater perfection than the moſt ſuperb villa of the greateſt lord in any other part of the world can boaſt, I mean the proſpect which almoſt all of them command.—The gardens and vineyards of there public;—the Païs de Vaux;—Geneva with its lake;—innumerable country-ſeats;—caſtles, and little towns around the lake;—the vallies of Savoy, and the loftieſt

mountains of the Alps, all within one ſweep of the eye.

Thoſe whoſe fortunes or employments do not permit them to paſs the ſummer in the country, make frequent parties of pleaſure upon the lake, and dine and ſpend the evening at ſome of the villages in the environs, where they amuſe themſelves with muſic and dancing.

Sometimes they form themſelves into circles conſiſting of forty or fifty perſons, and purchaſe or hire a houſe and garden near the town, where they aſſemble every afternoon during the ſummer, drink coffee, lemonade, and other refreſhing liquors; and amuſe themſelves with cards, converſation, and playing at bowls; a game very different from that which goes by the ſame name in England; for here, inſtead of a ſmooth level green, they often chuſe the rougheſt and moſt unequal piece of

ground. The player, inſtead of rolling the bowl, throws it in ſuch a manner, that it reſts in the place where it firſt touches the ground; and if that be a fortunate ſituation, the next player pitches his bowl directly on his adverſary's, ſo as to make that ſpring away, while his own fixes itſelf in the ſpot from which the other has been diſlodged.—Some of the citizens are aſtoniſhingly dexterous at this game, which is more complicated and intereſting than the Engliſh manner of playing.

They generally continue theſe circles till the duſk of the evening, and the ſound of the drum from the ramparts call them to the town; and at that time the gates are ſhut, after which no perſon can enter or go out, the officer of the guard not having the power to open them, without an order from the Syndics, which is not to be obtained but on ſome great emergency.

LETTER XX.

Geneva.

THE mildneſs of the climate, the ſublime beauties of the country, and the agreeable manners of the inhabitants, are not, in my opinion, the greateſt attractions of this place.

Upon the ſame hill, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, three Engliſh families at preſent reſide, whoſe ſociety would render any country agreeable.

The houſe of Mr. N—— is a temple of hoſpitality, good humour, and friendſhip.

Near to him lives your acquaintance Mr. U——. He perfectly anſwers your deſcription, lively, ſenſible, and obliging;

and, I imagine, happier than ever you ſaw him, having ſince that time drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Their neareſt neighbours are the family of Mr. L——. This gentleman, his lady and children, form one of the moſt pleaſing pictures of domeſtic felicity I ever beheld. He himſelf is a man of refined taſte, a benevolent mind, and elegant manners.

Theſe three families, who live in the greateſt cordiality with the citizens of Geneva, their own countrymen, and one another, render the hill of Cologny the moſt delightful place perhaps at this moment in the world.

The Engliſh gentlemen, who reſide in the town, often reſort hither, and mix with parties of the beſt company of Geneva.

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I am told, that our young countrymen never were on ſo friendly and ſociable a footing with the citizens of this republic as at preſent, owing in a great degree to the conciliatory manners of theſe three families, and to the great popularity of an Engliſh nobleman, who has lived with his lady and ſon in this ſtate for ſeveral years.

I formerly mentioned, that all who live in town, muſt return from their viſits in the country at ſun-ſet, otherwiſe they are certain of being ſhut out;—the Genevois being wonderfully jealous of the external, as well as the internal enemies of their independency. This jealouſy has been tranſmitted from one generation to another, ever ſince the attempt made by the Duke of Savoy, in the year 1602, to ſeize upon the town.

He marched an army, in the middle of a dark night, in the time of peace, to the gates,

gates, applied ſcaling ladders to the ramparts and walls, and having ſurpriſed the centinels, ſeveral hundreds of the Savoyard ſoldiers had actually got into the town, and the reſt were following, when they were at length diſcovered by a woman, who gave the alarm.

The Genevois ſtarted from their ſleep, ſeized the readieſt arms they could find, attacked the aſſailants with ſpirit and energy, killed numbers in the ſtreet, drove others out of the gate, or tumbled them over the ramparts, and the few who were taken priſoners, they beheaded next morning, without further proceſs or ceremony.

The Genevois annually diſtinguiſh the day on which this memorable exploit was performed, as a day of public thankſgiving and rejoicing.

It is called le jour de l'Eſcalade. There is divine worſhip in all the churches.—— The clergymen, on this occaſion, after ſermon, recapitulate all the circumſtances of this intereſting event; put the audience in mind of the gratitude they owe to Divine Providence, and to the valour of their anceſtors, which ſaved them in ſo remarkable a manner from civil and religious bondage; enumerate the peculiar bleſſings which they enjoy, and exhort them, in the moſt pathetic ſtrain, to watch over their liberties, remain ſteady in their religion, and tranſmit theſe, and all their other advantages, unimpaired to their poſterity.

The evening of the jour de l'Eſcalade is ſpent in viſiting, feaſting, dancing, and all kinds of diverſions; for the Genevois ſeldom venture on great feſtivity, till they have previouſly performed their religious duties——In this, obſerving the maxim

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of the Pſalmiſt,—to join trembling with their mirth.

The State keeps in pay a garriſon of ſix hundred mercenaries, who mount guard and do duty every day. But they do not truſt the ſafety of the republic to theſe alone. All citizens of Geneva are ſoldiers. They are exerciſed ſeveral hours, daily, for two months, every ſummer; during which time they wear their uniforms, and at the end of that period are reviewed by the Syndics.

As they receive no pay, and as the officers are their fellow-citizens, it cannot be imagined that theſe troops will perform the manual exerciſe and military evolutions, with the exactneſs of ſoldiers who have no other occupation, and who are under all the rigour of military diſcipline.

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Nevertheleſs they make a very reſpectable figure in the eyes even of diſintereſted ſpectators; who are, however, but few in number, the greater part conſiſting of their own parents, wives, and children. So, I dare ſwear, there are no troops in the world, who, at a review, are beheld with more approbation than thoſe of Geneva.

Even a ſtranger of a moderate ſhare of ſenſibility, who recollects the connection between the troops and the beholders, who obſerves the anxiety, the tenderneſs, the exultation, and various movements of the heart, which appear in the countenances of the ſpectators, will find it difficult to remain unconcerned:——But ſympathiſing with all around him, he will naturally yield to the pleaſing emotions, and at length behold the militia of Geneva with the eyes of a citizen of the republic.

Geneva,

Geneva, like all free ſtates, is expoſed to party-rage, and the public harmony is frequently interrupted by political ſquabbles. Without entering into a detail of the particular diſputes which agitate them at preſent, I ſhall tell you in general, that one part of the citizens are accuſed of a deſign of throwing all the power into the hands of a few families, and of eſtabliſhing a complete ariſtocracy. The other oppoſes every meaſure which is ſuppoſed to have that tendency, and by their adverſaries are accuſed of ſeditious deſigns.

It is difficult for ſtrangers who reſide here any conſiderable time, to obſerve a ſtrict neutrality. The Engliſh in particular are exceedingly diſpoſed to take part with one ſide or other; and as the government has not hitherto attempted to bribe them, they generally attach themſelves to the oppoſition.

Walking

Walking one afternoon with a young nobleman, who, to a ſtrong taſte for natural philoſophy, unites the moſt paſſionate zeal for civil liberty, we paſſed near the garden, in which one of thoſe circles which ſupport the pretenſions of the magiſtracy aſſemble. I propoſed joining them. No, ſaid my Lord, with indignation; I will not go for a moment into ſuch a ſociety! I conſider theſe men as the enemies of their country, and that place as a focus for conſuming freedom.

Among the citizens themſelves, political altercations are carried on with great fire and ſpirit. A very worthy old gentleman, in whoſe houſe I have been often entertained with great hoſpitality, declaiming warmly againſt certain meaſures of the council, aſſerted, that all thoſe who had promoted them deſerved death; and if it depended on him, they ſhould all be hanged, without loſs of time. His brother, who was

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in that predicament, interrupted him, and ſaid, with a tone of voice which ſeemed to beg for mercy, Good God! brother! ſurely you would not puſh your reſentment ſo far: you would not actually hang them? Oui aſſurement, replied the patriot, with a determined countenance, et vous, mon très cher frere, vous ſeriez le premier pendu pour montrer mon impartialité.

LETTER XXI.

Geneva.

ALTHOUGH this republic has long continued in a profound peace, and there is no great probability of its being ſoon engaged in bloody conflict, yet the citizens of Geneva are not the leſs fond of the pomp of war.

This appears in what they call their military feaſts, which are their moſt favourite amuſements, and which they take every opportunity of enjoying.

I was preſent lately at a very grand entertainment of this kind, which was given by the King of the Arquebuſiers upon his acceſſion to the royal dignity.

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This envied rank is neither tranſmitted by hereditary right, nor obtained by election; but gained by ſkill and real merit.

A war with this ſtate, like the war of Troy, muſt neceſſarily conſiſt of a ſiege. The ſkilful uſe of the cannon and arquebuſe is therefore thought to be of the greateſt importance. During ſeveral months every year, a conſiderable number of the citizens are almoſt conſtantly employed in firing at a mark, which is placed at a proper diſtance.

Any citizen has a right, at a ſmall expence, to make trial of his ſkill in this way; and after a due number of trials, the moſt expert markſman is declared King.

There has not been a coronation of this kind theſe ten years, his late Majeſty having kept peaceable poſſeſſion of the throne

during that period. But this ſummer, Mr. Moſes Maudrier was found to excel in ſkill every competitor; and was raiſed to the throne by the unanimous voice of the judges.

He was attended to his own houſe from the field of conteſt by the Syndics, amidſt the acclamations of the people. Some time after this, on the day of his feaſt, a camp was formed on a plain, without the gates of the city.

Here the whole forces of the republic, both horſe and foot, were aſſembled, and divided into two diſtinct armies. They were to perform a battle in honour of his Majeſty, all the combatants having previouſly ſtudied their parts.

This very ingenious, warlike drama had been compoſed by one of the reverend

miniſters, who is ſaid to poſſeſs a very extenſive military genius.

That the ladies and people of diſtinction, who were not to be actually engaged, might view the action with the greater eaſe and ſafety, a large amphitheatre of ſeats was prepared for them, at a convenient diſtance from the field of battle.

Every thing being in readineſs, the Syndics, the Council, ſtrangers of diſtinction, and the relations and favourites of the King, aſſembled at his Majeſty's palace, which is a little ſnug houſe, ſituated in a narrow lane in the lower part of the city. From the palace, the proceſſion ſet out in the following order:

His Majeſty walked firſt, ſupported by the two oldeſt Syndics.

In the next rank was the Duke of H—, with the youngeſt.

After theſe, walked Lord St—pe, the Prince Gallitzen,—Mr. Cl—ve, ſon to Lord Cl—ve; Mr. Gr—lle, ſon to the late Miniſter; Mr. St. L——, and many other Engliſh gentlemen, who had been invited to the feaſt.

Next to them came the Council of twenty-five; and the proceſſion was cloſed by the King's particular friends and relations.

In this order they marched through the city, preceded by a band of muſic, who played, as you may believe, the moſt martial tunes they poſſibly could think of.

When this company came to the field where the troops were drawn up, they were

were ſaluted by the officers; and having made a complete circuit of both armies, the King and all his attendants took their ſeats at the amphitheatre, which had been prepared for that purpoſe.

The impatience of the troops had been very viſible for ſome time. When the King was ſeated, their ardour could be no longer reſtrained. They called loudly to their officers to lead them to glory.—— The ſignal was given.—They advanced to the attack in the moſt undaunted manner.——Conſcious that they fought under the eyes of their King, the Syndics, of their wives, children, mothers and grandmothers, they diſdained the thoughts of retreat.——They ſtood undiſturbed by the thickeſt fire. They ſmiled at the roaring of the cannon, and like the horſe in Job, they cried among the trumpets, ha, ha!

The ingenious author of the battle had taken care to diverſify it with ſeveral entertaining incidents.

An ambuſcade was placed by one of the armies, behind ſome trees, to ſurpriſe the enemy.——This ſucceeded to a miracle, although the ambuſcade was poſted in the ſight of both armies, and all the ſpectators.

A convoy with proviſions, advancing towards one of the armies, was attacked by a detachment from the other; and after a ſmart ſkirmiſh, one half of the waggons were carried away by the aſſailants:—The other remained with the troops for whom they ſeemed to have been originally intended.

A wooden bridge was briſkly attacked, and as reſolutely defended; but at length was trod to pieces by both armies; for, in the fury of the fight, the combatants for-

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got whether this poor bridge was their friend or their foe. By what means it got into the midſt of the battle, I never could conceive; for there was neither river, brook, not ditch in the whole field.

The cavalry on both ſides performed wonders.——It was difficult to determine which of the generals diſtinguiſhed himſelf moſt. They were both dreſſed in clothes exuberantly covered with lace; for the ſumptuary laws were ſuſpended for this day, that the battle might be as magrificent as poſſible.

As neither of theſe gallant commanders would conſent to the being defeated, the reverend author of the engagement could not make the cataſtrophe ſo deciſive and affecting as he intended.

While Victory, with equipoiſed wings, hovered over both armies, a meſſenger arrived

rived from the town-hall with intelligence that dinner was ready. This news quickly ſpread among the combatants, and had an effect ſimilar to that which the Sabine women produced when they ruſhed between their raviſhers and their relations.—The warriors of Geneva relented at once; and both armies ſuſpended their animoſity, in the contemplation of that which they both loved.——They threw down their arms, ſhook hands, and were friends.

Thus ended the battle.——I don't know how it will affect you; but it has fatigued me ſo completely, that I have loſt all appetite for the feaſt, which muſt therefore be delayed till another poſt.

LETTER XXII.

Geneva.

THE ſame company which had attended the King to the field of battle, marched with him in proceſſion from that to the Maiſon de Ville, where a ſumptuous entertainment was prepared.

This was exactly the reverſe of a fête champêtre, being held in the town-houſe, and in the middle of the ſtreets adjacent; where tables were covered, and dinner provided, for ſeveral hundreds of the officers and ſoldiers.

The King, the Syndics, moſt of the members of the Council, and all the ſtrangers, dined in the town-hall. The other

rooms, as well as the outer court, were likewiſe full of company.

There was much greater havoc at dinner than had been at the battle, and the entertainment in other reſpects was nearly as warlike.

A kettle-drum was placed in the middle of the hall, upon which a martial flouriſh was performed at every toaſt. This was immediately anſwered by the drums and trumpets without the hall, and the cannon of the baſtion.

Proſperity to the republic, is a favourite toaſt:—When this was announced by the firſt Syndic, all the company ſtood up with their ſwords drawn in one hand, and glaſſes filled with wine in the other.

Having drank the toaſt, they claſhed their ſwords, a ceremony always performed in every circle or club where there is a pub-

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lic dinner, as often as this particular toaſt is named.——It is an old cuſtom, and implies that every man is ready to fight in defence of the republic.

After we had been about two hours at table, a new ceremony took place, which I expected as little in the middle of a feaſt. An hundred grenadiers, with their ſwords drawn, marched with great ſolemnity into the middle of the hall, for the tables being placed in the form of a horſe-ſhoe, there was vacant ſpace in the middle ſufficient to admit them.

They deſired permiſſion to give a toaſt: This being granted, each of the grenadiers, by a well-timed movement, like a motion in the exerciſe, pulled from his pocket a large water-glaſs, which being immediately filled with wine, one of the ſoldiers, in the name of all, drank a health to King Moſes the firſt. His example was followed by his compa-

companions and all the company, and was inſtantly honoured by the ſound of the drums, trumpets, and artillery.

When the grenadiers had drank this, and a toaſt or two more, they wheeled about, and marched out of the hall with the ſame ſolemnity with which they had entered, reſuming their places at the tables in the ſtreet.

Soon after this a man fantaſtically dreſſed entered the hall, and diſtributed among the company ſome printed ſheets which ſeemed to have come directly from the preſs.

This proved to be a ſong made for the occaſion, replete with gaiety, wit, and good ſenſe, pointing out, in a humorous ſtrain, the advantages which the citizens of Geneva poſſeſſed, and exhorting them to unanimity, induſtry, and public ſpirit.—This ditty was ſung by the man who brought it, while

while many of the company joined in the chorus.

When we deſcended from the town-hall, we found the ſoldiers intermingled with their officers, ſtill ſeated at the tables in the ſtreets, and encircled by their wives and children.

They all aroſe ſoon after, and dividing into different companies repaired to the ramparts, the fields, and the gardens, where, with muſic and dancing, they continued in high glee during the reſt of the evening.

The whole exhibition of the day, though no very juſt repreſentation of the manœuvres of war, or the elegance of a court entertainment, formed the moſt lively picture of jollity, mirth, good-humour and cordiality, that I had ever ſeen.

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The inhabitants of a whole city,—of a whole ſtate if you pleaſe, united in one ſcene of good fellowſhip, like a ſingle family, is ſurely no common ſight.

If this ſketch conveys one half of the ſatisfaction to your mind, which the ſcene itſelf afforded mine, you will not think theſe two long letters tedious.

LETTER XXIII.

Geneva.

THERE are ſome of the citizens of Geneva themſelves who deride the little military eſtabliſhment of the republic, and declare it to be highly ridiculous in ſuch a feeble ſtate to preſume that they could defend themſelves. The very idea of reſiſtance againſt Savoy or France, they hold as abſurd.

They ſeem to take pleaſure in mortifying their countrymen, aſſuring them, that in caſe of an attack, all their efforts would be fruitleſs, and their garriſon unable to ſtand a ſiege of ten days.

Theſe politicians declaim againſt the needleſs expence of keeping the fortifica-

tions in repair, and they calculate the money loſt, by ſo many manufacturers being employed in wielding uſeleſs firelocks, inſtead of the tools of their reſpective profeſſions.

Were I a member of this republic, I ſhould have no patience with theſe diſcouraging malcontents, who endeavour to depreſs the minds of their countrymen, and embitter a ſource of real enjoyment.

I am convinced that the garriſon, ſmall as it is, aided by the zeal of the inhabitants, and regulated by that ſhare of diſcipline which their ſituation admits, would be ſufficient to ſecure them from a coup-de-main, or any immediate inſult, and might enable them to defend the town from the attempts of any one of the neighbouring ſtates, till they ſhould receive ſuccour from ſome of the others.

Inde-

Independent of theſe conſiderations, the ramparts are moſt agreeable walks, convenient for the inhabitants, and ornamental to the city.

The exerciſing and reviewing the militia form an innocent and agreeable ſpectacle to the women and children, contribute to the health and amuſement of the troops themſelves, inſpire the inhabitants in general with the pleaſing ideas of ſecurity and of their own importance.

Upon the whole, I am convinced that the fortifications, and the militia of Geneva, produce more happineſs, in theſe various ways taken together, than could be purchaſed by all the money they coſt, expended in any other manner.

This I imagine is more than can be ſaid in favour of the greater part of the ſtanding armies on the continent of Europe,

whoſe numbers ſecure the deſpotiſm of the prince, whoſe maintenance is a moſt ſevere burthen upon the countries which ſupport them, and whoſe diſcipline, inſtead of exciting pleaſing emotions, impreſſes the mind with horror.

The individuals who compoſe thoſe armies are miſerable, by the tyranny exerciſed on them, and are themſelves the cauſe of miſery to their fellow-citizens by the tyranny they exerciſe.

But it will be ſaid they defend the nation from foreign enemies.—Alas, could a foreign conqueror occaſion more wretchedneſs than ſuch defenders?——When he who calls himſelf my protector has ſtripped me of my property, and deprived me of my freedom, I cannot return him very cordial thanks, when he tells me, that he will defend me from every other robber.

The

The moſt ſolid ſecurity which this little republic has for its independency, is founded on the mutual jealouſy of its neighbours.

There is no danger of its meeting with the misfortune which has ſo lately befallen Poland.—Geneva is ſuch an atom of a ſtate as not to be diviſible.

It ſerves, however, as a kind of barrier or alarm poſt to the Swiſs Cantons, particularly that of Bern, which certainly would not like to ſee it in the hands either of the King of France or of Sardinia.

The acquiſition is not worth the attention of the firſt; and it is better for the ſecond, that the republic ſhould remain in its preſent free and independent ſituation, than that it ſhould revert to his poſſeſſion, and be ſubjected to the ſame government with his other dominions.

For no ſooner would Geneva be in the poſſeſſion of Sardinia, than the wealthieſt of the citizens would abandon it, and carry their families and riches to Switzerland, Holland, or England.

Trade and manufactures would dwindle with the ſpirit and independence of the inhabitants; and the flouriſhing, enlightened, happy city of Geneva, like other towns of Piedmont and Savoy, would become the reſidence of oppreſſion, ſuperſtition, and poverty.

In this ſituation it could add but little to the King's revenue; whereas, at preſent, the peaſants of his dominions reſort in great numbers to Geneva every market-day, where they find a ready ſale for all the productions of their farms. The land is, on this account, more valuable, and the peaſants are more at their eaſe, though the taxes are very high, than in any other part of Savoy.

This

This republic, therefore, in its preſent independent ſtate, is of more uſe to the King of Sardinia, than if it were his property.

If a wealthy merchant ſhould purchaſe a piece of ground from a poor Lord, build a large houſe, and form beautiful gardens upon it, keep a number of ſervants, ſpend a great part of his revenue in good houſe-keeping and hoſpitality, the conſumption of his table, and many other articles, being purchaſed from this Lord's tenants, it is evident that they would become rich, and be able to pay a larger rent to their landlord. This Lord would certainly act againſt his own intereſt, if he attempted, by law, chicane, or force, to diſpoſſeſs the proprietor of the houſe and gardens.

The free republic of Geneva is to the King of Sardinia, exactly what the ſuppoſed rich man would be to the poor Lord.

It affords me ſatisfaction to perceive, that the ſtability of this little fabric of freedom, raiſed by my friends the citizens of Geneva, does not depend on the juſtice and moderation of the neighbouring powers, or any equivocal ſupport; but is founded on the ſolid, laſting pillars of their mutual intereſt.

LETTER XXIV.

Geneva.

I Returned a few days ſince from a journey to the Glaciers of Savoy, the Pays de Vallais, and other places among the Alps.

The wonderful accounts I had heard of the Glaciers had excited my curioſity a good deal, while the air of ſuperiority aſſumed by ſome who had made this boaſted tour, piqued my pride ſtill more.

One could hardly mention any thing curious or ſingular, without being told by ſome of thoſe travellers, with an air of cool contempt—Dear Sir,—that is pretty well; but, take my word for it, it is nothing to the Glaciers of Savoy.

I deter-

I determined at laſt not to take their word for it, and I found ſome gentlemen of the ſame way of thinking. The party conſiſted of the Duke of H——, Mr. U—, Mr. G——, Mr. K——, and myſelf.

We left Geneva early in the morning of the third of Auguſt, and breakfaſted at Bónneville, a ſmall town in the duchy of Savoy, ſituated at the foot of Mole, and on the banks of the river Arve.

The ſummit of Mole, as we were told, is about 4600 Engliſh feet above the lake of Geneva, at the lower paſſage of the Rhone, which laſt is about 1200 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. For theſe particulars, I ſhall take the word of my informer, whatever airs of ſuperiority he may aſſume on the diſcovery.

From Bonneville we proceeded to Cluſe, by a road tolerably good, and highly entertaining

tertaining on account of the ſingularity and variety of landſcape to be ſeen from it. The objects change their appearance every moment as you advance, for the path is continually winding, to humour the poſition of the mountains, and to gain an acceſs between the rocks, which in ſome places hang over it in a very threatening manner. The mountains overlook and preſs ſo cloſely upon this little town of Cluſe, that when I ſtood in the principal ſtreet, each end of it ſeemed to be perfectly ſhut up; and wherever any of the houſes had fallen down, the vacancy appeared to the eye, at a moderate diſtance, to be plugged up in the ſame manner by a green mountain.

On leaving Cluſe, however, we found a well-made road running along the banks of the Arve, and flanked on each ſide by very high hills, whoſe oppoſite ſides tally ſo exactly, as to lead one to imagine they have been

been torn from each other by ſome violent convulſion of nature.

In other places one ſide of this defile is a high perpendicular rock, ſo very ſmooth that it ſeems not to have been torn by nature, but chiſelled by art, from top to bottom, while the whole of the ſide directly oppoſite is of the moſt ſmiling verdure.

The paſſage between the mountains gradually opens as you advance, and the ſcene diverſifies with a fine luxuriancy of wild landſcape.

Before you enter the town of Sallenche, you muſt croſs the Arve, which at this ſeaſon is much larger than in winter, being ſwelled by the diſſolving ſnows of the Alps.

This river has its ſource at the Pariſh of Argentiere, in the valley of Chamouni, is imme-

immediately augmented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid ſtream into the Rhone, ſoon after that river iſſues from the lake of Geneva.

The contraſt between thoſe two rivers is very ſtriking, the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy. The Rhone ſeems to ſcorn the alliance, and keeps as long as poſſible unmingled with his dirty ſpouſe. Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and oppoſition between this ill-ſorted couple is ſtill obſervable; theſe, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at laſt, yielding to neceſſity, and to thoſe unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common ſtream to the end of their courſe.

We

We paſſed the night at Sallenche, and the remaining part of our journey not admitting of chaiſes, they were ſent back to Geneva, with orders to the drivers, to go round by the other ſide of the lake, and meet us at the village of Martigny, in the Pays de Vallais.

We agreed with a muleteer at Sallenche, who provided mules to carry us over the mountains to Martigny. It is a good day's journey from Sallenche to Chamouni, not on account of the diſtance, but from the difficulty and perplexity of the road, and the ſteep aſcents and deſcents with which you are teaſed alternately the whole way.

Some of the mountains are covered with pine, oak, beech, and walnut trees. Theſe are interſperſed with apple, plum, cherry, and other fruit trees, ſo that we rode a great part of the forenoon in ſhade.

Beſides

Beſides the refreſhing coolneſs this occaſioned, it was moſt agreeable to me on another account. The road was in ſome places ſo exceedingly ſteep, that I never doubted but ſome of us were to fall; I therefore reflected with ſatisfaction, that thoſe trees would probably arreſt our courſe, aud hinder us from rolling a great way.

But many pathleſs craggy mountains remained to be traverſed after we had loſt the protection of the trees. We then had nothing but the ſagacity of our mules to truſt to. For my own part, I was very ſoon convinced that it was much ſafer on all dubious occaſions to depend on their's than on my own: For as often as I was preſented with a choice of difficulties, and the mule and I were of different opinions, if, becoming more obſtinate than he, I inſiſted on his taking my track, I never failed to repent it, and often was obliged to return to the place where the controverſy had begun,

begun, and follow the path to which he had pointed at firſt.

It is entertaining to obſerve the prudence of theſe animals in making their way down ſuch dangerous rocks. They ſometimes put their heads over the edge of the precipice, and examine with anxious circumſpection every poſſible way by which they can deſcend, and at length are ſure to fix on that which upon the whole is the beſt. Having obſerved this in ſeveral inſtances, I laid the bridle on the neck of my mule, and allowed him to take his own way, without preſuming to controul him in the ſmalleſt degree.

This is doubtleſs the beſt method, and what I recommend to all my friends in their journey through life, when they have mules for their companions.

We reſted ſome time, during the ſultry heat of the day, at a very pleaſingly ſituated village called Serve; and aſcending thence along the ſteepeſt and rougheſt road we had yet ſeen, we paſſed by a mountain, wherein, they told us, there is a rich vein of copper, but that the proprietors have left off working it for many years.

As we paſſed through one little village, I ſaw many peaſants going into a church. —It was ſome Saint's day.——The poor people muſt have half-ruined themſelves by purchaſing gold-leaf.—Every thing was gilded.—The virgin was dreſſed in a new gown of gold-paper;——the infant in her arms was equally brilliant, all but the periwig on his head, which was milk-white, and had certainly been freſh powdered that very morning.

I could ſcarcely refrain from ſmiling at this ridiculous ſight, which the people be-

held with as much veneration as they could have ſhewn, had the originals been preſent.

Upon caſting up my eyes to the cieling, I ſaw ſomething more extraordinary ſtill: This was a portrait of God the Father, ſitting on a cloud, and dreſſed like a Pope, with the tiara on his head. Any one muſt naturally be ſhocked at this, if he be not at the ſame inſtant moved to laughter at the infinite abſurdity of the idea.

About ſix in the evening we arrived at the valley of Chamouni, and found lodgings in a ſmall village called Prieuré. The valley of Chamouni is about ſix leagues in length, and an Engliſh mile in breadth. It is bounded on all ſides by very high mountains. Between the intervals of theſe mountains, on one ſide of the valley, the vaſt bodies of ſnow and ice, which are called Glaciers, deſcend from Mont Blanc, which is their ſource.

On

On one ſide of the valley, oppoſite to the Glaciers, ſtands Breven, a mountain whoſe ridge is 5300 Engliſh feet higher than the valley. Many travellers who have more curioſity, and who think leſs of fatigue than we, take their firſt view of the Glaciers from the top of mount Breven. As there is only the narrow valley between that and the Glaciers, all of which it overlooks, and every other object around, except Mont Blanc, the view from it muſt be very advantageous and magnificent.

We determined to begin with Montanvert, from which we could walk to the Glaciers, reſerving Mount Breven for another day's work, if we ſhould find ourſelves ſo inclined. After an hour's refreſhment at our quarters, Mr. K—— and I took a walk through the valley.

The chapter of Prieſts and Canons of Sallenche have the lordſhip of Chamouni,

and draw a revenue from the poor inhabitants; the higheſt mountains of the Alps, with all their ice and ſnow, not being ſufficient to defend them from rapacity and extortion.

The prieſt's houſe is beyond compariſon the beſt in the whole valley. Looking at it, I aſked a young man who ſtood near me, if the prieſt was rich?

Oui, Monſieur, horriblement,—replied he,—et auſſi il mange preſque tout notre blé.

I then aſked, if the people of Chamouni wiſhed to get rid of him?

Oui, bien de celui-ci—mais il faut avoir un autre.

I do not ſee the abſolute neceſſity of that, ſaid I.——Conſider, if you had no prieſt, you would have more to eat.

The lad ſtared——then anſwered with great *naïveté*—Ah, Monſieur, dans ce pays-ci les prêtres ſont tout auſſi neceſſaires que le manger.

It is plain, that this clergyman inſtructs his pariſhioners very carefully in the principles of religion.——I perceive, that your ſoul is in very ſafe hands, ſaid K——, giving the boy a crown; but here is ſomething to enable you to take care of your body.

In my next I ſhall endeavour to give you ſome account of the Glaciers:—At preſent, I muſt wiſh you good night.

LETTER XXV.

Geneva.

WE began pretty early in the morning to aſcend Montanvert, from the top of which there is eaſy acceſs to the Glacier of that name, and to the valley of ice.

Our mules carried us from the inn acroſs the valley, and even for a conſiderable way up the mountain; which at length became ſo exceedingly ſteep, that we were obliged to diſmount and ſend them back. Mr. U—— only, who had been here before, and was accuſtomed to ſuch expeditions, continued without compunction on his mule till he got to the top, riding fearleſs over rocks, which a goat or a chamois would have paſſed with caution.

In

In this laſt animal, which is to be found on theſe mountains only, are blended the different qualities of the goat and the deer.——It is ſaid to have more agility than any other quadruped poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of ſtrength.

After aſcending four hours, we gained the ſummit of Montanvert. The day was remarkably fine, the objects around noble and majeſtic, but in ſome reſpects different from what I had expected.

The valley of Chamouni had diſappeared:—Mount Breven ſeemed to have crept wonderfully near; and if I had not juſt croſſed the plain which ſeparates the two mountains, and is a mile in breadth, I ſhould have concluded that their baſes were in contact, and that their diſtance above was ſolely owing to the diminution in the ſize of all mountains towards the ſummit. Judging from the eye alone, I

ſhould have thought it poſſible to have thrown a ſtone from the place where I ſtood to Mount Breven.

There is a chain of mountains behind Montanvert, all covered with ſnow, which terminate in four diſtinct rocks, of a great height, having the appearance of narrow pyramids or ſpires. They are called the Needles; and each has a diſtinct name.—Mont Blanc, ſurrounded by Montanvert, Mount Breven, the Needles, and other ſnowy mountains, appears like a giant among pygmies.

The height which we had now attained, was ſo far on our way up this mountain. I was therefore equally ſurpriſed and mortified to find, after an aſcent of three thouſand feet, that Mont Blanc ſeemed as high here as when we were in the valley.

Having

Having aſcended Montanvert from Chamouni, on deſcending a little on the other ſide, we found ourſelves on a plain, whoſe appearance has been aptly compared to that which a ſtormy ſea would have, if it were ſuddenly arreſted and fixed by a ſtrong froſt. This is called the Valley of Ice. It ſtretches ſeveral leagues behind Montanvert, and is reckoned 2300 feet higher than the valley of Chamouni.

From the higheſt part of Montanvert we had all the following objects under our eye, ſome of which ſeemed to obſtruct the view of others equally intereſting;—— the Valley of Ice, the Needles, Mont Blanc, with the ſnowy mountains below, finely contraſted with Breven, and the green hills on the oppoſite ſide of Chamouni, and the ſun in full ſplendor ſhowing all of them to the greateſt advantage.—The whole forms a ſcene equally ſublime and beautiful, far above my power of deſcription, and

and worthy of the eloquence of that very ingenious gentleman, who has ſo finely illuſtrated theſe ſubjects, in a particular treatiſe, and given ſo many examples of both in his parliamentary ſpeeches.

While we remained in contemplation of this ſcene, ſome of the company obſerved, that from the top of one of the Needles the proſpect would be ſtill more magnificent, as the eye could ſtretch over Breven, beyond Geneva, all the way to Mount Jura, and comprehend the Pays de Vallais, and many other mountains and vallies.

This excited the ambition of the D— of H—. He ſprung up, and made towards the Aiguille du Dru, which is the higheſt of the four Needles. Though he bounded over the ice with the elaſticity of a young chamois, it was a conſiderable time before he could arrive at the foot of the Needle:—

for people are greatly deceived as to diſtances, in thoſe ſnowy regions.

Should he get near the top, ſaid Mr. G——, looking after him with eagerneſs, he will ſwear we have ſeen nothing—But, I will try to mount as high as he can;—I am not fond of ſeeing people above me, So ſaying, he ſprung after him.

In a ſhort time we ſaw them both ſcrambling up the rock:——The D—— had gained a conſiderable height, when he was ſuddenly ſtopped by a part of the rock which was perfectly impracticable (for his impetuoſity had prevented him from chooſing the eaſieſt way); ſo Mr. G—— overtook him.

Here they had time to breathe and cool a little. The one being determined not to be ſurpaſſed, the other thought the exploit

ploit not worth his while, ſince the honour muſt be divided. So like two rival powers, who have exhauſted their ſtrength by a fruitleſs conteſt, they returned, fatigued and diſappointed, to the place from which they had ſet out.

After a very agreeable repaſt, on the proviſions and wine which our guides had brought from the Prieuré, we paſſed, by an eaſy deſcent, from the green part of Montanvert to the Valley of Ice. A walk upon this frozen ſea is attended with inconveniencies. In ſome places, the ſwellings, which have been compared to waves, are forty or fifty feet high: yet, as they are rough, and the ice intermingled with ſnow, one may walk over them. In other parts, thoſe waves are of a very moderate ſize, and in ſome places the ſurface is quite level.

What

What renders a paſſage over this valley ſtill more difficult and dangerous is, the rents in the ice, which are to be met with, whatever direction you follow. Theſe rents are from two to ſix feet wide, and of an amazing depth; reaching from the ſurface of the valley, through a body of ice many hundred fathoms thick. On throwing down a ſtone, or any other ſolid ſubſtance, we could hear the hollow murmur of its deſcent for a very long time, ſounding like far diſtant waves breaking upon rocks.

Our guides, emboldened by habit, ſkipped over theſe rents without any ſign of fear, though they informed us, that they had often ſeen freſh clefts formed, while they walked on the valley. They added, indeed, for our encouragement, that this was always preceded by a loud continued noiſe, which gave warning of what was to happen.

It is evident, however, that this warning, though it ſhould always precede the rent, could be of little uſe to thoſe who had advanced to the middle of the valley; for they neither could know certainly in what direction to run, nor could they have time to get off: and in caſe the ice ſhould yawn directly under their feet, they muſt inevitably periſh.—But probably few accidents of that kind happen; and this has greater influence, than any reaſoning upon the ſubject.

It is ſuppoſed, that the ſnow and ice at the bottom melting by the warmth of the earth, leave great vacancies, in the form of vaults. Theſe natural arches ſupport for a long time an amazing weight of ice and ſnow;—for there is a vaſt diſtance from the bottom to the ſurface of this valley.——But the ice beneath continuing to diſſolve, and the ſnow above to increaſe, the

the arches muſt at laſt give way, which occaſions the noiſe and rents above mentioned. Water, alſo, which may have fallen from the ſurface into the clefts, or is lodged by any means in this great maſs of ſnow, will, by its ſudden expanſion in the act of freezing, occaſion new rents at the ſurface.

We had heard a great deal of the havoc made by avalanches. Theſe are formed of ſnow driven by the winds againſt the higheſt and moſt protuberant parts of rocks and mountains, where it hardens and adheres ſometimes till a prodigious maſs is accumulated. But when theſe ſupporters are able to ſuſtain the increaſing weight no longer, the avalanche falls at once, hurrying large portions of the looſened rock or mountain along with it;——and rolling from a vaſt height, with a thundering noiſe, to the valley, involves in certain deſtruction

ſtruction all the trees, houſes, cattle, and men, which lie in its way *.

The greater part of thoſe who have made a journey to the Glaciers have ſeen one or more of theſe avalanches in the very act of falling, and have themſelves always eſcaped by miracle.——Juſt as moſt people who have made a ſingle voyage by ſea, if it were only between Dover and Calais, have met with a ſtorm, and very narrowly eſcaped ſhipwreck.

All that any of our party can boaſt is, that during the nights we lay at Chamouni, we frequently heard a noiſe like diſtant thunder, which we were told was occaſioned by the falling of ſome of the ſame

* Ac veluti montis Saxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas:
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſilvas, armenta, viroſque
Involvens ſecum. VIRG.

avalanches

avalanches at a few miles diſtance. And during our excurſions, we ſaw trees deſtroyed, and tracts of ſoil torn from the ſides of the mountains, over which the avalanches were ſaid to have rolled, two or three years before we paſſed. Theſe were the narroweſt eſcapes we made.—— I heartily wiſh the ſame good luck to all travellers, whatever account they themſelves may chooſe to give to their friends, when they return.

The Valley of Ice is ſeveral leagues in length, and not above a quarter of a league in breadth. It divides into branches, which run behind the chain of mountains formerly taken notice of. It appears like a frozen amphitheatre, and is bounded by mountains, in whoſe clefts columns of cryſtal, as we were informed, are to be found.—The hoary majeſty of Mont Blanc * * * * * * * I was in danger of riſing into poetry, when recollecting the ſtory of Icarus, I

thought it beſt not to truſt to my own waxen wings.—I beg leave rather to borrow the following lines, which will pleaſe you better than any flight of mine, and prevent me from a fall:

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt,
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Fill the bright mountains, prop th' incumbent ſky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.

Having walked a conſiderable time on the valley, and being ſufficiently regaled with ice, we at length thought of returning to our cottage at Prieuré. Our guides led us down by a ſhorter and ſteeper way than that by which we had aſcended; and in about two hours after we had begun our deſcent, we found ourſelves at the bottom of

of the mountain. This rapid manner of deſcending moſt people find more ſevere upon the muſcles of the legs and thighs, than even the aſcent. For my own part, I was very near exhauſted; and as we were ſtill a couple of miles diſtant from our lodgings, it was with the greateſt ſatisfaction that I ſaw our obſequious mules in waiting to carry us to our cottage; where having at laſt arrived, and being aſſembled in a ſmall room, excluded from the view of icy valleys, cryſtal hills, and ſnowy mountains, with nothing before us but humble objects, as cold meat, coarſe bread, and poor wine, we contrived to paſs an hour before going to bed, in talking over the exploits of the day, and the wonders we had ſeen.—Whether there is greater pleaſure in this, or in viewing the ſcenes themſelves, is a queſtion not yet decided by the caſuiſts.

LETTER XXVI.

Geneva.

THERE are five or ſix different Glaciers, which all terminate upon one ſide of the valley of Chamouni, within the ſpace of about five leagues.

Theſe are prodigious collections of ſnow and ice, formed in the intervals or hollows, between the mountains that bound the ſide of the valley near which Mont Blanc ſtands.

The ſnow in thoſe hollows being ſcreened from the influence of the ſun, the heat of ſummer can diſſolve only a certain portion of it. Theſe magazines of ice and ſnow are not formed by what falls directly from the heavens into the intervals. They are ſupplied

ſupplied by the ſnow which falls during winter on the loftieſt parts of Mont Blanc; large beds or ſtrata of which ſlide down imperceptibly by their own gravity, and finding no reſiſtance at theſe intervals, they form long irregular roots around all the adjacent mountains.

Five of theſe enter, by five different embouchures, into the valley of Chamouni, and are called Glaciers, on one of which we had been.

At preſent their ſurface is from a thouſand, to two thouſand feet high, above the valley.

Their breadth depends on the wideneſs of the interval between the mountains in which they are formed.

Viewed from the valley, they have, in my opinion, a much finer effect than from their ſummit.

The rays of the ſun ſtriking with various force on the different parts, according as they are more or leſs expoſed, occaſion an unequal diſſolution of the ice; and, with the help of a little imagination, give the appearances of columns, arches, and turrets, which are in ſome places tranſparent.

A fabric of ice in this taſte, two thouſand feet high, and three times as broad, with the ſun ſhining full upon it, you muſt acknowledge to be a very ſingular piece of architecture.

Our company aſcended only the Glacier of Montanvert, which is not the higheſt, and were contented with a view of the others from the valley; but more curious travellers will ſurely think it worth their labour, to examine each of them more particularly.

Some

Some people are ſo fond of Glaciers, that not ſatisfied with their preſent ſize, they inſiſt poſitively, that they muſt neceſſarily grow larger every year, and they argue the matter thus:

The preſent exiſtence of the Glaciers is a ſufficient proof that there has, at ſome period or other, been a greater quantity of ſnow formed during the winter, than the heat of the ſummer has been able to diſſolve. But this diſproportion muſt neceſſarily increaſe every year, and, of conſequence, the Glaciers muſt augment: becauſe, any given quantity of ſnow and ice remaining through the courſe of one ſummer, muſt increaſe the cold of the atmoſphere around it in ſome degree; which being reinforced by the ſnows of the ſucceeding winter, will reſiſt the diſſolving power of the ſun more the ſecond ſummer than the firſt, and ſtill more the third than the ſecond, and ſo on.

The concluſion of this reaſoning is, that the Glaciers muſt grow larger by an increaſing ratio every year, till the end of time. For this reaſon, the authors of this theory regret, that they themſelves have been ſent into the world ſo ſoon; becauſe, if their birth had been delayed for nine or ten thouſand years, they ſhould have ſeen the Glaciers in much greater glory, Mont Blanc being but a Lilliputian at preſent, in compariſon of what it will be then.

However rational this may appear, objections have nevertheleſs been ſuggeſted; which I am ſorry for; becauſe, when a theory is tolerably conſiſtent, well fabricated, and goodly to behold, nothing can be more vexatious, than to ſee a plodding officious fellow overthrow the whole ſtructure at once, by a daſh of his pen, as Harlequin does a houſe with a touch of his ſword, in a pantomime entertainment.

Such

Such cavillers ſay, that as the Glaciers augment in ſize, there muſt be a greater extent of ſurface for the ſun-beams to act upon, and, of conſequence, the diſſolution will be greater, which muſt effectually prevent the continual increaſe contended for.

But the other party extricate themſelves from this difficulty by roundly aſſerting, that the additional cold occaſioned by the ſnow and ice already depoſited, has a much greater influence in retarding their diſſolution, than the increaſed ſurface can have in haſtening it: and in confirmation of their ſyſtem, they tell you, that the oldeſt inhabitants of Chamouni remember the Glaciers when they were much ſmaller than at preſent; and alſo remember the time when they could walk, from the Valley of Ice, to places behind the mountains, by paſſages which are now quite choked up with hills of ſnow, not above fifty years old.

Whether

Whether the inhabitants of Chamouni aſſert this from a laudable partiality to the Glaciers, whom they may now conſider (on account of their drawing ſtrangers to viſit the Valley) as their beſt neighbours;—or from politeneſs to the ſupporters of the above-mentioned opinion;—or from real obſervation, I ſhall not preſume to ſay.—But I myſelf have heard ſeveral of the old people of Chamouni aſſert the fact.

The cavillers being thus obliged to relinquiſh their former objection, attempt, in the next place, to ſhow, that the above theory leads to an abſurdity; becauſe, ſay they, If the Glaciers go on increaſing in bulk ad infinitum, the globe itſelf would become in proceſs of time a mere appendage to Mont Blanc.

The advocates for the continual augmentation of the Glaciers reply, that as this inconveniency has not already happened,

pened, there needs no other refutation of the impious doctrine of certain philoſophers, who aſſert that the world has exiſted from eternity; and as to the globe's becoming an appendage to the mountain, they aſſure us, that the world will be at an end long before that event can happen. So that thoſe of the moſt timid natures, and moſt delicate conſtitutions, may diſmiſs their fears on that ſubject.

For my own part, though I wiſh well to the Glaciers, and all the inhabitants of Chamouni, having paſſed ſome days very pleaſantly in their company; I will take no part in this controverſy, the merits of which I leave to your own judgment.

LETTER XXVII.

Geneva.

THE morning of the day on which we departed from Prieuré, I obſerved a girl of a very ſingular appearance ſitting before the door of one of the houſes. When I ſpoke to her ſhe made no anſwer: But an elderly man, who had been a ſoldier in the king of Sardinia's ſervice, and my acquaintance ſince the moment of our arrival, informed me, that this girl was an idiot, and had been ſo from her birth.

He took me to two other houſes in the village, in each of which there was one perſon in the ſame melancholy ſituation; and he aſſured me, that all over the valley of Chamouni, in a family conſiſting of five or

ſix children, one of them, generally ſpeaking, was a perfect natural.

This was confirmed by ſome others, to whom I afterwards mentioned it. I was told at the ſame time, that the parents, ſo far from conſidering this as a misfortune, looked upon it as an indication of good luck to the reſt of the family, and no unhappineſs to the individual, whom they always cheriſh and protect with the utmoſt tenderneſs.

I aſked my ſoldier, if any of his own family were in that ſituation? Non, Monſieur, anſwered he; et auſſi j'ai paſſé une vie bien dure.

Don't you think theſe poor creatures very unhappy?

Demande pardon, Monſieur:—Ils ſont très heureux——

But

But you would not like to have been born in that ſtate yourſelf?

Vous croyez donc, Monſieur, que j'aurois été bien attrapé?

Attrapé!—certainly:—don't you think ſo too?

Pour cela, non, Monſieur; je n'aurois jamais travaillé.——

To one who has through life been obliged to work hard for a bare ſubſiſtence, labour appears the greateſt evil, and perfect idleneſs the greateſt bleſſing. If this ſoldier had been brought up in idleneſs, and had experienced all the horrors and dejection which attend indolent luxury, very poſſibly he would be of a different opinion.

During this journey, I remarked, that in ſome particular villages, and for a conſiderable tract of country, ſcarcely was there

any body to be ſeen who had that ſwelling of the throat and neck, which is thought ſo general among all the inhabitants of the Alps. In particular, I did not obſerve any body at Prieuré with this complaint; and, upon enquiry, was informed, that there are many pariſhes in which not a ſingle perſon is troubled with it, and that in other places at no great diſtance it is almoſt univerſal.

In the valley of Chamouni there is only one hamlet where it is common; but in the Pays de Vallais, I was told, it is more frequent than in any other place.

As this diſeaſe ſeems to be endemical, it cannot, as has been imagined, proceed from the drinking of water impregnated with ſnow or ice; for this beverage is common to all the inhabitants of the Alps, and of other mountains.

If the water be in reality the vehicle of this diſeaſe, we muſt ſuppoſe it impregnated not only with diſſolved ice and ſnow, but alſo with ſome ſalt, or other ſubſtance, poſſeſſed of the noxious quality of obſtructing the glands of the throat; and we muſt alſo ſuppoſe, that this noxious ſubſtance is to be found in no other inhabited place but the Alps.

After one of the inhabitants of Chamouni had enumerated many pariſhes where there were, and others where there were no Guatres (which is the name they give this ſwelling), he concluded by telling me, I ſhould ſee them in great abundance among the Valaiſans, to whoſe country we were going.—When I told the man, I thought his country people very happy, in being quite free from ſuch an odious diſeaſe, which afflicted their poor neighbours—— En revenche, ſaid the peaſant, nous ſommes accablés.

accablés des impôts;—et dans le pays de Vallais on ne paye rien.

The d——l is in the fellow, exclaimed I.—Were it in your choice, would you accept of Guatres, to get free of taxes?

Très volontiers, Monſieur;—l'un vaut bien l'autre.

Quid cauſæ eſt, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas,
Iratas buccas inflet.

You ſee, my friend, that it is not in courts and capitals alone that men are diſcontented with their fortunes. The cauſes of repining are different in different places; but the effect is the ſame every where.

On the morning of the ſixth day, we bid adieu to Prieuré; and having aſcended the mountains, which ſhut up the valley of Chamouni at the end oppoſite to that by

which we had entered, after various windings on a very rugged road, we gradually deſcended into a hollow of the moſt diſmal appearance.

It is ſurrounded with high, bare, rugged rocks, without trees or verdure of any kind, the bottom being as barren and craggy as the ſides, and the whole forming a moſt hideous landſcape. This dreary valley is of a conſiderable length, but very narrow. I imagine it would have pleaſed the fancy of Salvator, who might have been tempted to ſteal a corner of it for one of his pieces, which, when he had enlivened with a murder or two, would have been a maſter-piece of the Horrible.

Having traverſed this, we continued our journey, ſometimes aſcending, then deſcending into other vallies whoſe names I have forgot.—We had a long continued aſcent over Mont Noir, a very high hill, covered

covered with pine-trees, many of which are above a hundred feet in height. I was obliged to walk on foot moſt of this road, which is full as ſteep as any part of that by which we had aſcended Montanvert.

We came at length to the paſs which ſeparates the King of Sardinia's country from the little republic, called the Pays de Vallais. Acroſs this there is an old thick wall, and a gate, without any guard. This narrow paſs continues for ſeveral miles.—A few peaſants arranged along the upper part of the mountains could, by rolling down ſtones, deſtroy a whole army, if it ſhould attempt to enter into the country by this road.

When you have paſſed through this long defile, the road runs along the ſide of a high and ſteep mountain; but is ſtill ſo very narrow, that two perſons cannot with ſafety go abreaſt, and all paſſengers are en-

tirely at the mercy of thoſe who may be poſted on the higher parts of the mountain.

From the ſide of the mountain on which we paſſed, we could have ſpoken to the people who inhabited the ſide of the mountain oppoſite. But I am convinced it would have taken three or four hours walking, to have gone to them: Becauſe we muſt, by a long, oblique tour, have firſt reached the bottom of the cleft between us, and then have aſcended to them by another long, fatiguing path, which could not be done in leſs time than I have mentioned.

Wherever there is a ſpot of the mountain tolerably fertile, and the ſlope leſs formidable than uſual, you are almoſt certain to find a peaſant's houſe. All the houſes are built of the fine red pine, which grows near at hand. The carriage of this, even for a ſhort way, upon thoſe very ſteep mountains, muſt have been attended with

no

no ſmall difficulty and danger. Theſe dwellings are raiſed on wooden props, or pillars, two or three feet above the ground. On the top of each pillar a large flag or broad ſtone is placed, to obſtruct the entrance of rats.—Indeed the ſituation of theſe abodes is ſo very aerial, that they ſeem almoſt inacceſſible to every animal that has not wings, as well as to rats.

The road led us at length to the ſummit, which is level, and covered with pines for ſeveral miles. Having traverſed this, and deſcended a little on the other ſide, the lower Vallais opened to our view. Nothing can be imagined more ſingularly picturesque:—It is of an oval form, about ſeven leagues in length, and one in breadth, ſurrounded on all ſides by mountains of a ſtupendous height, the lower parts of which are covered with very rich paſture.—The valley itſelf is fertile in the higheſt degree, finely cultivated, and divided into meadows,

gardens, and vineyards. The Rhone flows in beautiful mazes from the one end to the other. Sion, the capital of the Vallais, is ſituated on the upper extremity, and the town of Martigny on the lower, many villages and detached houſes appearing all over the valley between them. The proſpect we had now under our eye formed a ſtriking and agreeable contraſt with the ſcenes we had juſt left. The diſtance from this point to Martigny, which ſtands near the bottom of the mountain, is about ſix miles. There is one continued deſcent the whole way, which is rendered eaſy by the roads being thrown into a zig-zag direction.

After the rugged paths we had been accuſtomed to, it was, comparatively ſpeaking, reſt, to walk down this mountain.—We arrived at Martigny refreſhed, and in high ſpirits.

LETTER XXVIII.

Geneva.

DURING our journey over the mountains which encircle the lower Vallais, I had often felt an inclination to enter ſome of the peaſants' houſes, that I might be a witneſs of the domeſtic œconomy of a people which Rouſſeau has ſo delightfully deſcribed.

Had I been alone, or with a ſingle companion, I ſhould have pledged them liberally, and made a temporary ſacrifice of my reaſon to the Penates of thoſe happy mountaineers; for, according to him, this is the only payment they will receive for their entertainment: But our company was by

far too numerous, and would have put their hoſpitality to too ſevere a trial.

After a night's refreſhment at Martigny, we looked with ſome degree of impatience for the cabriolets, which had been ordered to meet us there. We all talked with rapture of the ſublime ſcenes from which we had deſcended; yet nobody regretted that the reſt of the journey was to be performed on plain ground. The cabriolets arriving the ſame forenoon, we ſet out by the *embouchure*, which leads to St. Maurice.

That immenſe rampart of mountains which ſurrounds the Vallais at every other part, is cut through here, which renders that country acceſſible to the inhabitants of the canton of Bern. This opening has the appearance of a vaſt and magnificent avenue, on each ſide of which a row of lofty mountains are placed, inſtead

ſtead of trees. It is ſome leagues in length. The ground is exceedingly fertile, and perfectly level: Yet if an attack were ſuſpected, this paſs could be eaſily defended by batteries at the bottom of the mountains on each ſide. Beſides, a river of conſiderable depth flows along, ſometimes on the one ſide, and ſometimes on the other, and, by continually croſſing the plain, ſeems to forbid all hoſtile incroachments.

This little ſpot, the country of the Vallaiſans, which comprehends the valley above deſcribed, the mountains that ſurround it, and ſtretch on one ſide all the way to the lake, including three or four towns and many villages, is a diſtrict, governed by its own laws and magiſtrates, in alliance with, but independent of, the Swiſs cantons, or any other power. The religion is popery, and the form of government democratic.—It ſeems to have been imagined by Nature as a laſt aſylum for that divinity, without whoſe

whoſe influence all her other gifts are of ſmall value. Should the rapacious hand of deſpotiſm ever cruſh the rights of mankind, and overturn the altars of FREEDOM, in every other country in Europe, a choſen people may here preſerve the true worſhip, and ſhare her regard with the provinces beyond the Atlantic.

In the middle of the opening above mentioned, about four leagues from Martigny, between two high mountains, and at the ſide of the Rhone, is ſituated the little town of St. Maurice, which guards this entrance into the lower Vallais.

Having paſſed a bridge at this town, which divides the country of the Vallaiſans from the canton of Bern, we proceeded to Bex, a village remarkable for its delightful ſituation, and for the ſalt-works which are near it. After dinner, we viſited theſe. We entered the largeſt ſaline by a paſſage

cut out of the ſolid rock, of a ſufficient height and breadth to allow a man to walk with eaſe.

Travellers who have the curioſity to explore theſe gloomy abodes, are previouſly furniſhed with lighted lamps or torches, and dreſſed in a coarſe habit, to defend them from the ſlimy drippings which fall from the roof and ſides of the paſſage.

Upon arriving at the reſervoir of ſalt water, which is about three quarters of a mile from the entrance, I was ſeized with a nauſea, from the diſagreeable ſmell of the place, and returned with all poſſible expedition to the open air, leaving my companions to purſue their reſearches as far as they pleaſed. They remained a conſiderable time after me. What ſatisfaction they received within, I ſhall not take upon me to determine; but I never ſaw a ſet of people make a more melancholy exit;—with their

their greaſy frocks, their torches, their ſmoky, woe-begone countenances, they put me in mind of a proceſſion of condemned heretics, walking to the flames, at an Auto de Fè at Liſbon.

Having recovered their looks and ſpirits at the inn at Bex, they aſſured me, that the curioſities they had ſeen during their ſubterraneous progreſs, particularly after my receſſion, were more worthy of obſervation than any thing we had met with ſince we had left Geneva; and they all adviſed me, with affected ſerioufneſs, to return and complete the intereſting viſit which I had left unfiniſhed.

Next morning our company divided, the D— of H—— and Mr. G—— chuſing to return by Vevay and Lauſanne. Mr. U—, Mr. K—, and myſelf, went by the other ſide of the lake of Geneva. They took with them the two chaiſes, and we proceeded

ceeded on horſeback, our road not admitting of wheel-carriages.

We left Bex early in the morning, paſſing through Aigle, a thriving little town, whoſe houſes are built of a white marble found in the neighbourhood.—The ideas of gloom and wretchedneſs, as well as of magnificence, had ſomehow been linked in my mind with this ſubſtance.—I don't know whether this has been owing to its being uſed in tombs and monuments;—or to my having obſerved, that the houſes moſt profuſely ornamented by it are ſo often the manſions of dulneſs and diſcontent.—Whatever gave riſe to this connection of ideas, the appearance of the inhabitants of Aigle was well calculated to cure me of the prejudice; for although the meaneſt houſes in this poor little town are built of marble, yet in the courſe of my life I never beheld leſs care and more ſatisfaction in the countenances of any ſet of people.

people. An appearance of eaſe and content not only prevails here, but all over Switzerland.

A little beyond Aigle, we croſſed the Rhone in boats. It is broader at this ferry, than where it flows from the lake of Geneva. As ſoon as we arrived on the other ſide, we were again in the dominions of the Vallaiſans, which extend on this ſide all the way to the lake.

We had a delightful ride to St. Gingo, where we dined, and remained ſeveral hours to refreſh our horſes. Though it was Sunday, there was a fair at this town, to which ſuch a concourſe of people had reſorted from the Pays de Vallais, the canton of Bern, and from Savoy, that we could not without difficulty find a room to dine in.

The

The dreſs of the young Vallaiſannes is remarkably pictureſque. A little ſilk hat, fixed on one ſide of the head, from which a bunch of ribbons hangs negligently, with a jacket very advantageous to the ſhape, gives them a ſmart air, and is upon the whole more becoming than the dreſs of the common people in any country I have yet ſeen.

A little beyond St. Gingo, we entered the dukedom of Savoy. The road is here cut out of the lofty rocks which riſe from the lake of Geneva. It muſt be paſſed with caution, being exceedingly narrow, and no fence to prevent the traveller from falling over a very high precipice into the lake, in caſe his horſe ſhould ſtart to one ſide.

At ſome places this narrow road is rendered ſtill more dangerous by fragments which have fallen from the mountains above, and have impaired and almoſt deſtroyed

ſtroyed the path. At thoſe places we were obliged to diſmount, and lead our horſes, with great attention, over rubbiſh and broken rocks, till we gained thoſe parts of the road which were intire.

The ſight of Meillerie brought to my remembrance the charming letters of Rouſſeau's two lovers. This recollection filled me with a pleaſing enthuſiaſm. I ſought with my eyes, and imagined I diſcovered the identical place where St. Preux ſat with his teleſcope to view the habitation of his beloved Julia.—I traced in my imagination his route, when he ſprung from rock to rock after one of her letters, which a ſudden guſt of wind had ſnatched from his hands.—I marked the point at which the two lovers embarked to return to Clarence, after an evening viſit to thoſe very rocks,—when St. Preux, agonized with tender recollections, and diſtracted with deſpair, was tempted to ſeize his miſtreſs, then the wife

of another, and precipitate himſelf along with her, from the boat headlong into the middle of the lake.

Every circumſtance of that pathetic ſtory came freſh into my mind. I felt myſelf on a kind of claſſic ground, and experienced that the eloquence of that inimitable writer had given me an intereſt in the landſcape before my eyes, beyond that which its own natural beauties could have effected.

Having left the romantic rocks of Meillerie behind, we deſcended to a fertile plain, almoſt on a level with the lake, along which the road runs, flanked with rows of fine tall trees all the way to Evian, an agreeable little town, renowned for its mineral waters. Here we met with many of our Geneva acquaintances of both ſexes, who had come, under pretence of drinking the waters, to amuſe themſelves in this delightful retreat.

We next proceeded to Tonon, a moſt religious city, if we may judge by the number of churches and monaſteries which it contains. The number of inhabitants are calculated at ſix or ſeven thouſand, and every ſeventh perſon I ſaw wore the uniform of ſome religious order. After this, I was not greatly ſurpriſed to perceive every ſymptom of poverty among the lay inhabitants.

Having beſpoke ſupper and beds at this place, we went and viſited the convent of Carthuſians at Repaille, which is at a little diſtance.

It was here that a Duke of Savoy, after a fortunate reign, aſſumed the character of a hermit, and lived with the fathers a life of piety and mortification, according to ſome; of voluptuouſneſs and policy, according to others. What we are well aſſured of is, that he was in a ſhort time elected

elected Pope, by the council of Baſil, which dignity he was obliged to relinquiſh nine years after, having firſt made very honourable conditions for himſelf. After this, he ſpent the remainder of his life with the reputation of great ſanctity at Repaille.

Had he been allowed to chuſe any part of Europe for his retreat, he could not have found one more agreeable than this which his own dominions furniſhed.

The fathers with great politeneſs ſhewed us their foreſt, their gardens, their apartments, and a very elegant new chapel, which is juſt finiſhed. They then conducted us into the chamber where their Sovereign had lived and died. They talked much of his genius, his benevolence, and his ſanctity. We heard them with every mark of acquieſcence, and returned to our inn, where tho' *we* certainly did not *faire Repaille*, I'm convinced the fleas did: As Shakeſpeare's

carrier ſays, there was never a King in Chriſtendom better bit than we were, through the whole night. We paid for our entertainment, ſuch as it was, a very extravagant bill in the morning, and without grudging; for we conſidered, that we were to leave our hoſt and his family among a ſwarm of blood-ſuckers, ſtill more intolerable than fleas.

We arrived the ſame forenoon at Geneva, having finiſhed a tour in which a greater variety of ſublime and intereſting objects offer themſelves to the contemplation of the traveller, than can be found in any other part of the globe of the ſame extent.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Geneva.

I Am not ſurpriſed that your inquiries of late entirely regard the philoſopher of Ferney. This extraordinary perſon has contrived to excite more curioſity, and to retain the attention of Europe for a longer ſpace of time, than any other man this age has produced, monarchs and heroes included.——Even the moſt trivial anecdote relating to him ſeems, in ſome degree, to intereſt the Public.

Since I have been in this country, I have had frequent opportunities of converſing with him, and ſtill more with thoſe who have lived in intimacy with him for many years; ſo that, whatever remarks I

may ſend you on this ſubject, are founded either on my own obſervation, or on that of the moſt candid and intelligent of his acquaintance.

He has enemies and admirers here, as he has every where elſe; and not unfrequently both united in the ſame perſon.

The firſt idea which has preſented itſelf to all who have attempted a deſcription of his perſon, is that of a ſkeleton. In as far as this implies exceſſive leanneſs, it is juſt; but it muſt be remembered, that this ſkeleton, this mere compoſition of ſkin and bone, has a look of more ſpirit and vivacity, than is generally produced by fleſh and blood, however blooming and youthful.

The moſt piercing eyes I ever beheld are thoſe of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year. His whole countenance is expreſ-

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ſive of genius, obſervation, and extreme ſenſibility.

In the morning he has a look of anxiety and diſcontent; but this gradually wears off, and after dinner he ſeems cheerful:—yet an air of irony never entirely forſakes his face, but may always be obſerved lurking in his features, whether he frowns or ſmiles.

When the weather is favourable, he takes an airing in his coach, with his niece, or with ſome of his gueſts, of whom there is always a ſufficient number at Ferney. Sometimes he ſaunters in his garden; or if the weather does not permit him to go abroad, he employs his leiſure hours in playing at cheſs with Pere Adam; or in receiving the viſits of ſtrangers, a continual ſucceſſion of whom attend at Ferney to catch an opportunity of ſeeing him; or in dictating and reading letters; for he ſtill

retains correſpondents in all the countries of Europe, who inform him of every remarkable occurrence, and ſend him every new literary production as ſoon as it appears.

By far the greater part of his time is ſpent in his ſtudy; and whether he reads himſelf, or liſtens to another, he always has a pen in his hand, to take notes, or make remarks.

Compoſition is his principal amuſement. No author who writes for daily bread, no young poet ardent for diſtinction, is more aſſiduous with his pen, or more anxious for freſh fame, than the wealthy and applauded Seigneur of Ferney.

He lives in a very hoſpitable manner, and takes care always to keep a good cook. He has generally two or three viſitors from Paris, who ſtay with him a month or ſix weeks

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at a time. When they go, their places are ſoon ſupplied; ſo that there is a conſtant rotation of ſociety at Ferney. Theſe, with Voltaire's own family, and his viſitors from Geneva, compoſe a company of twelve or fourteen people, who dine daily at his table, whether he appears or not. For when engaged preparing ſome new production for the preſs, indiſpoſed or in bad ſpirits, he does not dine with the company; but ſatisfies himſelf with ſeeing them for a few minutes, either before or after dinner.

'All who bring recommendations from his friends, may depend upon being received, if he be not really indiſpoſed.—He often preſents himſelf to the ſtrangers, who aſſemble almoſt every afternoon in his antichamber, although they bring no particular recommendation. But ſometimes they are obliged to retire without having their curioſity gratified.

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As often as this happens, he is ſure of being accuſed of peeviſhneſs; and a thouſand ill-natured ſtories are related, perhaps invented, out of revenge, becauſe he is not in the humour of being exhibited like a dancing-bear on a holiday. It is much leſs ſurpriſing that he ſometimes refuſes, than that he ſhould comply ſo often. In him, this complaiſance muſt proceed ſolely from a deſire to oblige; for Voltaire has been ſo long accuſtomed to admiration, that the ſtare of a few ſtrangers cannot be ſuppoſed to afford him much pleaſure.

His niece, Madame Denis, does the honours of the table, and entertains the company, when her uncle is not able, or does not chooſe to appear. She is a well-diſpoſed woman, who behaves with good-humour to every body, and with unremitting attention and tenderneſs to her uncle.

The forenoon is not a proper time to viſit Voltaire. He cannot bear to have his hours

hours of ſtudy interrupted. This alone is ſufficient to put him in bad humour; beſides, he is then apt to be querulous, whether he ſuffers by the infirmities of age or from ſome accidental cauſe of chagrin. Whatever is the reaſon, he is leſs an optimiſt at that part of the day than at any other.——It was in the morning, probably, that he remarked,——que c'etoit domage que le quinquina ſe trouvoit en Amérique, et la fiévre en nos climats.

Thoſe who are invited to ſupper, have an opportunity of ſeeing him in the moſt advantageous point of view. He then exerts himſelf to entertain the company, and ſeems as fond of ſaying, what are called good things, as ever:——and when any lively remark or bon mot comes from another, he is equally delighted, and pays the fulleſt tribute of applauſe.——The ſpirit of mirth gains upon him by indulgence.—When ſurrounded by his friends, and animated by the preſence of women,

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he ſeems to enjoy life with all the ſenſibility of youth. His genius then ſurmounts the reſtraints of age and infirmity, and flows along in a fine ſtrain of pleaſing, ſpirited obſervation, and delicate irony.

He has an excellent talent of adapting his converſation to his company.—The firſt time the D— of H—— waited on him, he turned the diſcourſe on the ancient alliance between the French and Scotch nations.—Reciting the circumſtance of one of his Grace's predeceſſors having accompanied Mary Queen of Scots, whoſe heir he at that time was, to the court of France,—he ſpoke of the heroic characters of his anceſtors, the ancient Earls of Douglas—of the great literary reputation of ſome of his countrymen, then living; and mentioned the names of Hume and Robertſon in terms of high approbation.

A ſhort time afterwards, he was viſited by two Ruſſian Noblemen, who are now

at Geneva. Voltaire talked to them a great deal of their Empreſs, and the flouriſhing ſtate of their country.——Formerly, ſaid he, your countrymen were guided by ignorant prieſts,—the arts were unknown, and your lands lay waſte;—but now the arts flouriſh, and the lands are cultivated.—One of the young men replied, That there was ſtill a great proportion of barren land in Ruſſia.—At leaſt, ſaid Voltaire, you muſt admit, that of late your country has been very *fertile in laurels.*

His diſlike to the clergy is well known.—This leads him to join in a very trite topic of abuſe with people who have no pretenſion to that degree of wit which alone could make their railings tolerable.—The converſation happening to turn into this channel, one perſon ſaid, If you ſubſtract pride from prieſts, nothing will remain.—Vous comptez donc, Monſieur, la gourmandiſe, pour rien, ſaid Voltaire.

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He approves much more of Marmontel's Art of Poetry, than of any poems of that author's compoſition. Speaking of theſe, he ſaid that Marmontel, like Moſes, could guide others to the Holy Land, though he was not allowed to enter it himſelf *.

Voltaire's unbecoming alluſions to the Sacred Writings, and his attempts to turn into ridicule ſome of the moſt venerable characters mentioned in them, are notorious.

A certain perſon, who ſtammered very much, found means to get himſelf introduced at Ferney.——He had no other recommendation than the praiſes he very liberally beſtowed on himſelf.——When

* The ſame alluſion, though probably Voltaire did not know it, was long ſince made by Cowley——

Bacon like Moſes led us forth, at laſt
The barren wilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very border ſtand
Of the bleſt promiſed land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit
Saw it himſelf, and ſhewed us it.

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he left the room, Voltaire ſaid, he ſuppoſed him to be an avanturier, un impoſteur.—Madame Denis ſaid, Impoſtors never ſtammer:—To which Voltaire replied—Moïſe, ne begayoit-il pas?

You muſt have heard of the animoſity which has long ſubſiſted between Voltaire and Freron the Journaliſt at Paris. The former was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman from Geneva. A toad crawled acroſs the road before them:—The gentleman, to pleaſe Voltaire, ſaid, pointing at the toad,—There is a Freron.—What can that poor animal have done to you, replied the Wit, to deſerve ſuch a name?

He compared the Britiſh nation to a hogſhead of their own ſtrong beer; the top of which is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.

A friend of Voltaire's having recommended to his peruſal, a particular ſyſtem

of metaphyſics, ſupported by a train of reaſonings, by which the author diſplayed his own ingenuity and addreſs, without convincing the mind of the reader, or proving any thing beſides his own eloquence and ſophiſtry, aſked, ſome time after, the critic's opinion of this performance?

Metaphyſical writers, replied Voltaire, are like minuet-dancers; who being dreſſed to the greateſt advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the fineſt attitudes, diſplay all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a ſtep, and finiſh at the identical point from which they ſet out.

This, I hope, will ſatisfy you for the preſent; in my next, I ſhall ſend you what farther particulars I think worth your notice concerning this ſingular man.—Mean while, I am, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Geneva.

CONſidered as a maſter, Voltaire appears in a very amiable light. He is affable, humane, and generous to his tenants and dependants. He loves to ſee them proſper; and takes part in their private and domeſtic concerns, with the attention of a patriarch.—He promotes induſtry and manufactures among them, by every means he can deviſe: by his care and patronage alone, Ferney, from a wretched village, whoſe inhabitants were ſunk in ſloth and poverty, is become a flouriſhing and commodious little town.

That acrimony, which appears in ſome of Voltaire's works, ſeems to be excited only againſt rival wits, and cotemporary

writers, who refuſe him that diſtinguiſhed place on Parnaſſus, to which his talents entitle him.

If he has been the author of ſevere ſatire, he has alſo been the object of a great deal. Who has been the aggreſſor, it would be difficult to determine; but it muſt be confeſſed, that where he has not been irritated as a writer, he appears a good-humoured man; and, in particular inſtances, diſplays a true philanthropy.——The whole of his conduct reſpecting the Calas family;—his protection of the Sirvens, his patronage of the young lady deſcended from Corneille, and many examples, which might be mentioned, are all of this nature.

Some people will tell you, that all the buſtle he made, on theſe, and ſimilar occaſions, proceeded from vanity; but in my mind, the man who takes pains to juſtify oppreſſed innocence, to rouſe the indigna-

tion

tion of mankind againſt cruelty, and to relieve indigent merit, is in reality benevolent, however vain he may be of ſuch actions.——Such a man is unqueſtionably a more uſeful member of ſociety, than the humbleſt monk, who has no other plan in life, than the working out his own ſalvation in a corner.

Voltaire's criticiſms on the writings of Shakeſpear do him no honour; they betray an ignorance of the author, whoſe works he ſo raſhly condemns. Shakeſpear's irregularities, and his diſregard for the unities of the drama, are obvious to the dulleſt of modern critics; but Voltaire's national prejudices, and his imperfect knowledge of the language, render him blind to ſome of the moſt ſhining beauties of the Engliſh Poet; his remarks, however, though not always candid nor delicate, are for the moſt part lively.

One evening, at Ferney, the converſation happening to turn on the genius of Shakeſpear, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and abſurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into Tragedy; and gave many inſtances of the Engliſh bard's having offended in that particular, even in his moſt pathetic plays. A gentleman of the company, who is a great admirer of Shakeſpear, obſerved, by way of palliation, that though thoſe characters were low, yet they were natural (dans la nature, was his expreſſion). Avec permiſſion, Monſieur, replied Voltaire, mon cul eſt bien dans la nature, et cependant je porte de coulottes.

Voltaire had formerly a little theatre at his own houſe, where dramatic pieces were repreſented by ſome of the ſociety who viſited there, he himſelf generally taking ſome important character; but by all accounts this was not his fort, nature having fitted

fitted him for conceiving the ſentiments, but not repreſenting the actions of a hero.

Mr. Cramer of Geneva ſometimes aſſiſted upon theſe occaſions.——I have often ſeen that gentleman act at a private theatre in that city with deſerved applauſe. Very few of thoſe who have made acting the ſtudy and buſineſs of their lives, could have repreſented the characters in which he appeared, with more judgment and energy.

The celebrated Clairon herſelf has been proud to tread Voltaire's domeſtic theatre, and to diſplay at once his genius and her own.

Theſe dramatic entertainments at Ferney, to which many of the inhabitants of Geneva were, from time to time, invited, in all probability increaſed their deſire for ſuch amuſements, and gave the hint to a

company of French comedians, to come every ſummer to the neighbourhood.

As the Syndics and Council did not judge it proper to licenſe their acting, this company have erected a theatre at Chatelaine, which is on the French ſide of the ideal line which ſeparates that kingdom from the territories of the Republic, and about three miles from the ramparts of Geneva.

People come occaſionally from Savoy and Switzerland to attend theſe repreſentations; but the company on which the actors chiefly depend, are the citizens of Geneva. The play begins at three or four in the afternoon, that the ſpectators may have time to return before the ſhutting of the gates.

I have been frequently at this theatre. The performers are moderately good. The admired Le Kain, who is now at Ferney, on a viſit to Voltaire, ſometimes exhibits:

hibits:—but when I go, my chief inducement is to ſee Voltaire, who generally attends when Le Kain acts, and when one of his own tragedies is to be repreſented.

He ſits on the ſtage, and behind the ſcenes; but ſo as to be ſeen by a great part of the audience. He takes as much intereſt in the repreſentation, as if his own character depended on the performance. He ſeems perfectly chagrined and diſguſted when any of the actors commit a miſtake; and when he thinks they perform well, never fails to mark his approbation with all the violence of voice and geſture.

He enters into the feigned diſtreſſes of the piece with every ſymptom of real emotion, and even ſheds tears with the profuſion of a girl preſent for the firſt time at a tragedy.

I have ſometimes ſat near him during the whole entertainment, obſerving with aſtoniſhment ſuch a degree of ſenſibility in a man of eighty. This great age, one would naturally believe, might have conſiderably blunted every ſenſation, particularly thoſe occaſioned by the fictitious diſtreſſes of the drama, to which he has been habituated from his youth.

The pieces repreſented having been wrote by himſelf, is another circumſtance which, in my opinion, ſhould naturally tend to prevent their effect on him. Some people indeed aſſert that this, ſo far from diminiſhing, is the real cauſe of all his ſenſibility; and they urge as a proof of this aſſertion, that he attends the theatre only when ſome of his own pieces are to be acted.

That he ſhould be better pleaſed to ſee his own tragedies repreſented than any

others, is natural; but I do not readily comprehend, how he can be more eaſily moved and deceived, by diſtreſſes, which he himſelf invented. Yet this degree of deception ſeems neceſſary to make a man ſhed tears. While theſe tears are flowing, he muſt believe the woes he weeps are real: he muſt have been ſo far deceived by the cunning of the ſcene, as to have forgot that he was in a playhouſe. The moment he recollects that the whole is fiction, his ſympathy and tears muſt ceaſe.

I ſhould be glad, however, to ſee Voltaire preſent at the repreſentation of ſome of Corneille or Racine's tragedies, that I might obſerve whether he would diſcover more or leſs ſenſibility than he has done at his own. We ſhould then be able to aſcertain this curious, diſputed point, whether his ſympathy regarded the piece or the author.

Happy,

Happy, if this extraordinary man had confined his genius to its native home, to the walks which the muſes love, and where he has always been received with diſtinguiſhed honour, and that he had never deviated from theſe, into the thorny paths of controverſy. For while he attacked the tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind, and thoſe who have perverted the benevolent nature of Chriſtianity to the moſt ſelfiſh and malignant purpoſes, it is for ever to be regretted, that he allowed the ſhafts of his ridicule to glance upon the Chriſtian religion itſelf.

By perſevering in this, he has not only ſhocked the pious, but even diſguſted infidels, who accuſe him of borrowing from himſelf, and repeating the ſame argument in various publications; and ſeem as tired of the ſtale ſneer againſt the Chriſtian doctrines, as of the dulleſt and moſt tedious ſermons in ſupport of them.

Voltaire's

Voltaire's behaviour during ſickneſs has been repreſented in very oppoſite lights. I have heard much of his great contrition and repentance, when he had reaſon to believe his end approaching. Theſe ſtories, had they been true, would have proved, that his infidelity was affectation, and that he was a believer and Chriſtian in his heart.

I own I could never give any credit to ſuch reports; for though I have frequently met with vain young men, who have given themſelves airs of free-thinking, while in reality they were even ſuperſtitious, yet I never could underſtand what a man like Voltaire, or any man of common underſtanding, could propoſe to himſelf by ſuch abſurd affectation. To pretend to deſpiſe what we really revere, and to treat as human, what we believe to be divine, is certainly, of all kinds of hypocriſy, the moſt unpardonable.

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I was at ſome pains to aſcertain this matter; and I have been aſſured, by thoſe who have lived during many years in familiarity with him, that all theſe ſtories are without foundation. They declared, that although he was unwilling to quit the enjoyment of life, and uſed the means of preſerving health, he ſeemed no way afraid of the conſequences of dying. That he never diſcovered, either in health or ſickneſs, any remorſe for the works imputed to him againſt the Chriſtian religion.——That, on the contrary, he was blinded to ſuch a degree, as to expreſs uneaſineſs at the thoughts of dying before ſome of them, in which he was at that time engaged, were finiſhed.

Though this conduct is not to be juſtified upon any ſuppoſition, yet there is more conſiſtency, and, in my opinion, leſs wickedneſs in it, if we admit the account which his friends give, than there would be in his writing at once againſt the eſtabliſhed opinions

nions of mankind, the conviction of his own conſcience, and the inſpirations of the Deity, merely to acquire the applauſe of a few miſtaken infidels.

However erroneous he may have been, I cannot ſuſpect him of ſuch abſurdity. On the contrary, I imagine, that as ſoon as he is convinced of the truths of Chriſtianity, he will openly avow his opinion, in health as in ſickneſs, uniformly, to his laſt moment.

LETTER XXXI.

Geneva.

IN obedience to your requeſt, I ſhall give you my opinion freely with regard to Lord ——'s ſcheme of ſending his two ſons to be educated at Geneva.

The oldeſt, if I remember right, is not more than nine years of age; and they have advanced no farther in their education than being able to read Engliſh tolerably well. His lordſhip's idea is, that when they ſhall have acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language, they may be taught Latin through the medium of that language, and purſue any other ſtudy that may be thought proper.

I have

I have attended to his Lordſhip's objections againſt the public ſchools in England, and after due conſideration, and weighing every circumſtance, I remain of opinion, that no country but Great Britain is proper for the education of a Britiſh ſubject, who propoſes to paſs his life in his own country. The moſt important point, in my mind, to be ſecured in the education of a young man of rank of our country, is to make him an Engliſhman; and this can be done nowhere ſo effectually as in England.

He will there acquire thoſe ſentiments, that particular taſte and turn of mind, which will make him prefer the government, and reliſh the manners, the diverſions, and general way of living, which prevail in England.

He will there acquire that character, which diſtinguiſhes Engliſhmen from the natives of all the other countries of Europe, and

and which once attained, however it may be afterwards embelliſhed or deformed, can never be entirely effaced.

If it could be proved, that this character is not the moſt amiable, it does not follow that it is not the moſt expedient. It is ſufficient, that it is upon the whole moſt approved of in England. For I hold it as indiſputable, that the good opinion of a man's countrymen is of more importance to him than that of all the reſt of mankind: Indeed, without the firſt, he very rarely can enjoy the other.

It is thought, that, by an early foreign education, all ridiculous Engliſh prejudices will be avoided. This may be true;—but other prejudices, perhaps as ridiculous, and much more detrimental, will be formed. The firſt cannot be attended with many inconveniencies; the ſecond may render the young people unhappy in their own coun-

try when they return, and disagreeable to their countrymen all the rest of their lives.

It is true, that the French manners are adopted in almost every country of Europe: they prevail all over Germany and the northern courts. They are gaining ground, though with a slower pace, in Spain, and in the Italian states.—This is not the case in England,—The English manners are universal in the provinces, prevail in the capital, and are to be found uncontaminated even at court.

In all the countries above mentioned, the body of the people behold this preference to foreign manners with disgust. But in all those countries, the sentiments of the people are disregarded; whereas, in England, popularity is of real importance; and the higher a man's rank is, the more he will feel the loss of it.

Beſides, a prejudice againſt French manners is not confined to the lower ranks in England:—It is diffuſed over the whole nation. Even thoſe who have none of the uſual prejudices;—who do all manner of juſtice to the talents and ingenuity of their neighbours;—who approve of French manners in French people; yet cannot ſuffer them when grafted on their countrymen. Should an Engliſh gentleman think this kind of grafting at all admiſſible, it will be in ſome of the loweſt claſſes with whom he is connected, as his tailor, barber, valet-de-chambre, or cook;—but never in his friend.

I can ſcarcely remember an inſtance of an Engliſhman of faſhion, who has evinced in his dreſs or ſtyle of living a preference to French manners, who did not loſe by it in the opinion of his countrymen.

What I have ſaid of French manners is applicable to foreign manners in general, which

which are all in ſome degree French, and the particular differences are not diſtinguiſhed by the Engliſh.

The ſentiments of the citizens of Geneva are more analogous in many reſpects to the turn of thinking in England, than to the general opinions in France. Yet a Genevois in London will univerſally paſs for a Frenchman.

An Engliſh boy, ſent to Geneva at an early period of life, and remaining there ſix or ſeven years, if his parents be not along with him, will probably, in the eyes of the Engliſh, appear a kind of Frenchman all his life after. This is an inconvenience which ought to be avoided with the greateſt attention.

With regard to the objections againſt public ſchools, they are in many reſpects applicable to thoſe of every country. But I freely own, they never appeared to me

ſufficient to overbalance the advantages which attend that method of education; particularly as it is conducted in Engliſh public ſchools.

I have perceived a certain hardihood and manlineſs of character in boys who have had a public education, ſuperior to what appears in thoſe of the ſame age educated privately.

At a public ſchool, though a general attention is paid to the whole, in many particulars each boy is neceſſitated to decide and act for himſelf. His reputation among his companions depends ſolely on his own conduct. This gradually ſtrengthens the mind, inſpires firmneſs and deciſion, and prevents that wavering imbecility obſervable in thoſe who have been long accuſtomed to rely upon the aſſiſtance and opinion of others.

The

The original impreſſions which ſink into the heart and mind, and form the character, never change.—The objects of our attention vary in the different periods of life.—This is ſometimes miſtaken for a change of character, which in reality remains eſſentially the ſame.—He who is reſerved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious, when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compaſſionate, or generous.

The young mind has, at a public ſchool, the beſt chance of receiving thoſe ſentiments which incline the heart to friendſhip, and correct ſelfiſhneſs. They are drawn in by obſervation, which is infinitely more powerful than precept.

A boy perceives, that courage, generoſity, gratitude, command the eſteem and applauſe of all his companions. He cheriſhes theſe qualities in his own breaſt, and endeavours to connect himſelf in friendſhip

with thoſe who poſſeſs them.—He ſees that meanneſs of ſpirit, ingratitude, and perfidy, are the objects of deteſtation.—He ſhuns the boys who diſplay any indications of theſe odious qualities. What is the object of contempt or applauſe to his ſchoolfellows he will endeavour to graft into, or eradicate from, his own character, with ten thouſand times more eagerneſs than that which was applauded and cenſured by his tutor or parents.

The admonitions of theſe laſt have probably loſt their effect by frequent repetition; or he may imagine their maxims are only applicable to a former age, and to manners which are obſolete.—But he feels the ſentiments of his companions affect his reputation and fame in the moſt ſenſible manner.

In all the countries of Europe, England excepted, ſuch a deference is paid to boys of rank at the public ſchools, that emulation,

tion, the chief ſpur to diligence, is greatly blunted.—The boys in the middle rank of life are depreſſed by the inſolence of their titled companions, which they are not allowed to correct or retaliate.——This has the worſt effect on the minds of both, by rendering theſe more inſolent, and thoſe more abject.

The public ſchools in England diſdain this mean partiality; and are, on that account, peculiarly uſeful to boys of high rank and great fortune. Theſe young people are exceedingly apt to imbibe falſe ideas of their own importance, which in thoſe impartial ſeminaries will be perfectly aſcertained, and the real merit of the youths weighed in juſter ſcales than are generally to be found in a parent's houſe.

The young peer will be taught by the maſters, and ſtill more effectually by his comrades, this moſt uſeful of all leſſons,—

to expect diſtinction and eſteem from perſonal qualities only; becauſe no other can make him eſtimable, or even ſave him from contempt.——He will ſee a dunce of high rank flogged with as little ceremony as the ſon of a tailor; and the richeſt coward kicked about by his companions equally with the pooreſt poltroon.—He will find that diligence, genius, and ſpirit, are the true ſources of ſuperiority and applauſe, both within and without the ſchool.

The active principle of emulation, when allowed full play, as in the chief ſchools in England, operates in various ways, and always with a good effect.——If a boy finds that he falls beneath his companions in literary merit, he will endeavour to excel them in intrepidity, or ſome other accompliſhment.——If he be brought to diſgrace for neglecting his exerciſe, he will try to ſave himſelf from contempt by the firmneſs with which he bears his puniſhment.

The

The liſtleſſneſs and indolence to be found ſo frequently among our young people of rank, are not to be imputed to their education at a public ſchool, which in reality has the greateſt tendency to counteract theſe habits, and often does ſo, and gives an energy to the mind which remains through life.

Thoſe wretched qualities creep on afterwards, when the youths become their own maſters, and have enfeebled their minds by indulging in all the pleaſures which fortune puts in their power, and luxury preſents.

Upon the whole, I am clearly of opinion, that the earlieſt period of every Engliſhman's education, during which the mind receives the moſt laſting impreſſions, ought to be in England.

If, however, the opinion of relations, or any peculiarity in ſituation, prevents his being

being educated at home, Geneva ſhould be preferred to any other place. Or if, by ſome neglect, either of his own or his parents, a young Engliſh gentleman of fortune has allowed the firſt years of youth to fly unimproved, and has attained the age of ſeventeen or eighteen with little literary knowledge, I know no place where he may have a better chance of recovering what he has loſt than in this city. He may have a choice of men of eminence, in every branch of literature, to aſſiſt him in his ſtudies, a great proportion of whom are men of genius, and as amiable in their manners as they are eminent in their particular profeſſions.

He will have conſtant opportunities of being in company with very ingenious people, whoſe thoughts and converſation turn upon literary ſubjects. In ſuch ſociety, a young man will feel the neceſſity of ſome degree of ſtudy. This will gradually

form a taſte for knowledge, which may remain through life.

It may alſo be numbered among the advantages of this place, that there are few objects of diſſipation, and hardly any ſources of amuſement, beſides thoſe derived from the natural beauties of the country, and from an intimacy with a people by whoſe converſation a young man can ſcarce fail to improve.

P. S. An Engliſh nobleman and his lady having taken the reſolution of educating their ſon at Geneva, attended him hither, and have effectually prevented the inconveniencies above mentioned, by remaining with him for ſeven or eight years.

The hoſpitality, generoſity, and benevolent diſpoſition of his family had acquired them the higheſt degree of popularity. I ſaw them leave the place. Their carriage could with difficulty move through the multitude,

multitude, who were aſſembled in the ſtreets.——Numbers of the poorer ſort, who had been relieved by their ſecret charity, unable longer to obey the injunctions of their benefactors, proclaimed their gratitude aloud.

The young gentleman was obliged to come out again and again to his old friends and companions, who preſſed around the coach to bid them farewel, and expreſs their ſorrow for his departure, and their wiſhes for his proſperity. The eyes of the parents overflowed with tears of happineſs; and the whole family carried along with them the affections of the greater part, and the eſteem of all the citizens.

LETTER XXXII.

Geneva.

SUICIDE is very frequent at Geneva. I am told this has been the caſe ever ſince the oldeſt people in the republic can remember; that there is reaſon to believe, that it happens oftener here, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in England, or in any other country in Europe.

The multiplicity of inſtances which has occurred ſince I have been here is aſtoniſhing. Two that have happened very lately are remarkable for the peculiar circumſtances which accompanied them.

The firſt was occaſioned by a ſudden and unaccountable fit of deſpair, which ſeized the ſon of one of the wealthieſt and moſt

reſpectable citizens of the republic. This young gentleman had, in appearance, every reaſon to be ſatisfied with his lot. He was handſome, and in the vigour of youth, married to a woman of an excellent character, who had brought him a great fortune, and by whom he was the father of a fine child. In the midſt of all theſe bleſſings, ſurrounded by every thing which could inſpire a man with an attachment to life, he felt it inſupportable, and without any obvious cauſe of chagrin, determined to deſtroy himſelf.

Having paſſed ſome hours with his mother, a moſt valuable woman, and with his wife and child, he left them in apparent good-humour, went into another room, applied the muzzle of a muſket to his forehead, thruſt back the trigger with his toe, and blew out his brains, in the hearing of the unſuſpecting company he had juſt quitted.

The

The ſecond inſtance, is that of a black-ſmith, who, taking the ſame fatal reſolution, and not having any convenient inſtrument at hand, charged an old gun-barrel with a brace of bullets, and putting one end into the fire of his forge, tied a ſtring to the handle of the bellows, by pulling of which he could make them play, while he was at a convenient diſtance. Kneeling down, he then placed his head near the mouth of the barrel, and moving the bellows by means of the ſtring, they blew up the fire, he keeping his head with aſtoniſhing firmneſs, and horrible deliberation, in that poſition, till the farther end of the barrel was ſo heated as to kindle the powder, whoſe exploſion inſtantly drove the bullets through his brains.

Though I know that this happened literally as I have related, yet there is ſomething ſo extraordinary, and almoſt incredible, in the circumſtances, that perhaps I ſhould

I ſhould not have mentioned it, had it not been well atteſted, and known to the inhabitants of Geneva, and all the Engliſh who are at preſent here.

Why ſuicide is more frequent in Great-Britain and Geneva than elſewhere, would be a matter of curious inveſtigation. For it appears very extraordinary, that men ſhould be moſt inclined to kill themſelves in countries where the bleſſings of life are beſt ſecured. There muſt be ſome ſtrong and peculiar cauſe for an effect ſo prepoſterous.

Before coming here, I was of opinion, that the frequency of ſuicide in England was occaſioned in a great meaſure by the ſtormy and unequal climate, which, while it clouds the ſky, throws alſo a gloom over the minds of the natives.—To this cauſe, foreigners generally add, that of the uſe of coal, inſtead of wood, for fuel.

I reſted

I reſted ſatisfied with ſome vague theory, built on theſe taken together:—But neither can account for the ſame effect at Geneva, where coal is not uſed, and where the climate is the ſame with that in Switzerland, Savoy, and the neighbouring parts of France, where inſtances of ſuicide are certainly much more rare.

Without preſuming to decide what are the remote cauſes of this fatal propenſity, it appears evident to me, that no reaſoning can have the ſmalleſt force in preventing it, but what is founded upon the ſoul's immortality and a future ſtate.—What effect can the common arguments have on a man who does not believe that neceſſary and important doctrine?—He may be told, that he did not give himſelf life, therefore he has no right to take it away;—that he is a centinel on a poſt, and ought to remain till he is relieved;——what is all this to the

man who thinks he is never to be queſtioned for his violence and deſertion?

If you attempt to pique this man's pride, by aſſerting, that it is a greater proof of courage to bear the ills of life, than to flee from them; he will anſwer you from the Roman hiſtory, and aſk, Whether Cato, Caſſius, and Marcus Brutus, were cowards?

The great legiſlator of the Jews ſeems to have been convinced, that no law or argument againſt ſuicide could have any influence on the minds of people who were ignorant of the ſoul's immortality; and therefore, as he did not think it neceſſary to inſtruct them in the one (for reaſons which the Biſhop of Glouceſter has unfolded in his treatiſe on the Divine Legation of Moſes), he alſo thought it ſuperfluous to give them any expreſs law againſt the other.

Thoſe

Thoſe philoſophers, therefore, who have endeavoured to ſhake this great and important conviction from the minds of men, have thereby opened a door to ſuicide as well as to other crimes.—For, whoever reaſons againſt that, without founding upon the doctrine of a future ſtate, will ſoon ſee all his arguments overturned.

It muſt be acknowledged, indeed, that in many caſes this queſtion is decided by men's feelings, independent of reaſonings of any kind.

Nature has not truſted a matter of ſo great importance entirely to the fallible reaſon of man; but has planted in the human breaſt ſuch a love of life, and horror of death, as ſeldom can be overcome even by the greateſt misfortunes.

But there is a diſeaſe which ſometimes affects the body, and afterwards communicates its baneful influence to the mind, over

which it hangs ſuch a cloud of horrors as renders life abſolutely inſupportable. In this dreadful ſtate, every pleaſing idea is baniſhed, and all the ſources of comfort in life are poiſoned.——Neither fortune, honours, friends, nor family, can afford the ſmalleſt ſatisfaction.——Hope, the laſt pillar of the wretched, falls to the ground—Deſpair lays hold of the abandoned ſufferer —Then all reaſoning becomes vain—— Even arguments of religion have no weight, and the poor creature embraces death as his only friend, which, as he thinks, may terminate, but cannot augment, his miſery.

I am, &c.

P. S. You need not write till you hear from me again, as I think it is probable that we ſhall have left this place before your letter could arrive.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lauſanne.

THE D— of H—— having a deſire to viſit ſome of the German Courts, we bade adieu to our friends at Geneva, and are thus far on our intended journey. It is of peculiar advantage in Germany, above all other countries, to be in company with a man of rank and high title, becauſe it facilitates your reception every where, and ſuperſedes the neceſſity of recommendatory letters.

I have met here with my friend B—n, whoſe company and converſation have retarded our journey, by ſupplying the chief objects of travelling, if amuſement and inſtruction are to be ranked among them. He is here with the M——s of L——y,

a lively, ſpirited young man;—one of thoſe eaſy, careleſs characters, ſo much beloved by their intimates, and ſo regardleſs of the opinion of the reſt of mankind.

Since you hold me to my promiſe of writing ſo very regularly, you muſt ſometimes expect to receive a letter dated from three or four different places, when either my ſhort ſtay in one place deprives me of the leiſure, or meeting with nothing uncommon in another deprives me of materials for ſo long a letter as you require.

The road from Geneva to this town is along the ſide of the lake, through a delightful country, abounding in vineyards, which produce the *vin de la cote*, ſo much eſteemed. All the little towns on the way, Nyon, Rolle, and Morges, are finely ſituated, neatly built, and inhabited by a thriving and contented people.

Lauſanne

Lauſanne is the capital of this charming country, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Savoy, but is now under the dominion of the canton of Bern.

However mortifying this may be to the former poſſeſſor, it has certainly been a happy diſpenſation to the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, who are in every reſpect more at their eaſe, and in a better ſituation, than any of the ſubjects of his Sardinian Majeſty.

This city is ſituated near the lake, and at the diſtance of about thirty miles from Geneva. As the nobility, from the country, and from ſome parts of Switzerland, and the families of ſeveral officers, who have retired from ſervice, reſide here, there is an air of more eaſe and gaiety (perhaps alſo more politeneſs) in the ſocieties at Lauſanne, than in thoſe of Geneva; at leaſt this is firmly believed and aſſerted by all

the nobles of this place, who conſider themſelves as greatly ſuperior to the citizens of Geneva. Theſe, on the other hand, talk a good deal of the poverty, frivolouſneſs, and ignorance of thoſe fame nobility, and make no ſcruple of ranking their own enlightened mechanics above them in every eſſential quality.

Vevay.

The road between Lauſanne and Vevay is very mountainous; but the mountains are cultivated to the ſummits, and covered with vines.——This would have been impracticable on account of the ſteepneſs, had not the proprietors built ſtrong ſtone-walls at proper intervals, one above the other, which ſupport the ſoil, and form little terraſſes from the bottom to the top of the mountains.

The

The peaſants aſcend by narrow ſtairs, and, before they arrive at the ground they are to cultivate, have frequently to mount higher than a maſon who is employed in repairing the top of a ſteeple.

The mountainous nature of this country ſubjects it to frequent torrents, which, when violent, ſweep away vines, ſoil, and walls in one common deſtruction. The inhabitants behold the havoc with a ſteady concern, and, without giving way to the clamorous rage of the French, or ſinking into the gloomy deſpair of the Engliſh, think only of the moſt effectual means of repairing the loſs.—As ſoon as the ſtorm has abated, they begin, with admirable patience and perſeverance, to rebuild the walls, to carry freſh earth on hurdles to the top of the mountain, and to ſpread a new ſoil wherever the old has been waſhed away.

Where

Where property is perfectly ſecure, and men allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, they are capable of efforts unknown in thoſe countries where deſpotiſm renders every thing precarious, and where a tyrant reaps what ſlaves have ſown.

This part of the Pays de Vaud is inhabited by the deſcendents of thoſe unhappy people, who were driven by the moſt abſurd and cruel perſecution from the valleys of Piedmont and Savoy.

I will not aſſert, that the iniquity of the perſecutors has been viſited upon their children; but the ſufferings and ſtedfaſtneſs of the perſecuted ſeem to be recompenſed by the happy ſituation in which their children of the third and fourth generations are now placed.

Vevay is a pretty little town, containing between three and four thouſand inhabitants.

ants. It is ſweetly ſituated on a plain, near the head of the lake of Geneva, where the Rhone enters. The mountains behind the town, though exceedingly high, are entirely cultivated, like thoſe on the road from Lauſanne.

There is a large village about half-way up the mountain, in a direct line above Vevay, which, viewed from below, ſeems adhering to the ſide of the precipice, and has a very ſingular and romantic appearance.

The principal church is detached from the town, and ſituated on a hill which overlooks it. From the terrace, or church-yard, there is a view of the Alps, the Rhone, the lake, with towns and villages on its margin.——Within this church the body of General Ludlow is depoſited. That ſteady republican withdrew from Lauſanne to this place, after the aſſaſſination of his friend Liſle, who was ſhot through the heart,

heart, as he was going to church, by a ruffian, who had come acroſs the lake for that purpoſe, and who, amidſt the confuſion occaſioned by the murder, got ſafe to the boat, and eſcaped to the Duke of Savoy's territories on the other ſide, where he was openly protected.—This was a pitiful way of avenging the death of a monarch, who, whether juſtly or not, had been publicly condemned and executed.

There is a long Latin epitaph on Ludlow's monument, enumerating many circumſtances of his life, but omitting the moſt remarkable of them all. He is called, Patriæ libertatis defenſor, et poteſtatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus, &c.—But no nearer hint is given of his having been one of King Charles the Firſt's judges, and of his having ſigned the ſentence againſt that ill-fated Prince.

However fond the Swiſs in general may be of liberty, and however partial to its aſſertors,

aſſertors, it is preſumable that thoſe who protected Ludlow, did not approve of this part of his ſtory, and on that account a particular mention of it was not made on his tomb.

There is no travelling by poſt through Switzerland; we therefore hired horſes at Geneva, to carry us to Baſil; from whence we can proceed by poſt to Straſbourg, which is the route we deſign to take. We leave Lauſanne the day after to-morrow.

LETTER XXXIV.

Bern.

ON my return from Vevay to Lauſanne, I found our friend, Mr. H——y, at the inn, with the D— of H——. His Grace inclines to remain ſome time longer at that city; but deſired that I might proceed with the carriages and all the ſervants, except his valet-de-chambre and one footman, to Straſbourg, which I readily agreed to, on his promiſing to join me there within a few days. H—y, at the ſame time, made the very agreeable propoſal of accompanying me to Straſbourg, where he will remain till our departure from thence, leaving his chaiſe for the D—.

We began our journey the following day, and were eſcorted as far as Payerne by Meſſrs.

Meſſrs. B——n and O——n, where we paſſed a gay evening, and proceeded next morning to the town of Avanche, the capital of Switzerland in Tacitus's time *.

No country in the world can be more agreeable to travellers during the ſummer than Switzerland: For, beſides the commodious roads and comfortable inns, ſome of the moſt beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, lakes, intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and ſcenes of the moſt perfect cultivation, are here preſented to the eye in greater variety, and on a larger ſcale, than in any other country.

From Avanche we advanced to Murten, or Murat, as it is pronounced by the

* Near this town the Helvetians were defeated by Cæcina, one of Vitellius's Lieutenants.—Multa hominum millia cæſa, multa ſub corona venumdata. Cumque direptis omnibus, Aventicum gentis caput juſto agmine peteretur.

Taciti Hiſtoria, lib. i. cap. 68.

French, a neat little town, ſituated upon a riſing ground, on the ſide of the lake of the ſame name.

The army of Charles Duke of Burgundy, beſieging this town, was defeated, with great ſlaughter, by the Swiſs, in the year 1476. Near the road, within a mile of Murat, there is a little building full of human bones, which are ſaid to be thoſe of the Burgundians ſlain in that battle. [illegible] this curious cabinet was erected many years after the battle; it may be ſuppoſed, that ſome of the bones of the victors are here packed up along with thoſe of the vanquiſhed, in order to ſwell the collection.

There are ſeveral inſcriptions on the chapel.

DEO OPTIM. MAX.
CAROLI INCLITI ET FORTISSIMI BURGUNDIÆ DUCIS
EXERCITUS MURATUM OBSIDENS AB HELVETIIS
CÆSUS HOC SUI MONUMENTUM RELIQUIT, [illegible].

On

On another ſide is the following:

SACELLUM
QUO RELIQUIAS
EXERCITUS BURGUNDICI
AB HELVETIIS, A. 1476,
PIA ANTIQUITAS CONDIDIT.
RENOVARI
VIISQUE PUBLICIS MUNIRI
JUSSERUNT
RERUM NUNC DOMINÆ
REIPUBLICÆ
BERNENSIS ET FRIBURGENSIS
ANNO 1755.

The borders of the lake of Murat are enriched with gentlemen's houſes, and villages in great abundance.

The dreſs, manners, and perſons of the inhabitants of this country indicate a different people from the Genevois, Savoyards, or the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud.

We dined at Murat, and remained ſeveral hours in the town. There was a fair, and a great concourſe of people.——The Swiſs peaſants are the talleſt and moſt robuſt I have ever ſeen. Their dreſs is very particular.—They have little round hats, like thoſe worn by the Dutch ſkippers.—Their coats and waiſtcoats are all of a kind of coarſe black cloth.—Their breeches are made of coarſe linen, ſomething like ſailors trowſers; but drawn together in plaits below the knees, and the ſtockings are of the ſame ſtuff with the breeches.

The women wear ſhort jackets, with a great ſuperfluity of buttons. The unmarried women value themſelves on the length of their hair, which they ſeparate into two diviſions, and allow to hang at its full length, braided with ribands in the Ramillie faſhion.——After marriage, theſe treſſes are no longer permitted to hang

down; but, being twiſted round the head in ſpiral lines, are fixed at the crown with large ſilver pins. This is the only difference in point of dreſs which matrimony makes.

Married and unmarried wear ſtraw hats, ornamented with black ribands. So far the women's dreſs is becoming enough; but they have an aukward manner of fixing their petticoats ſo high as to leave hardly any waiſt. This encroachment of the petticoats upon the waiſt, with the amazing number they wear, gives a ſize and importance to the lower and hind part of the body to which it is by no means entitled, and mightily deforms the appearance of the whole perſon.

The elegant figure of the Venus de Medicis, or of the D——ſs of D——re, would be impaired, or annihilated, under

ſuch a prepoſterous load of dreſs.——As we arrived only this afternoon, I can ſay nothing of Bern. You ſhall hear more in my next. Meanwhile, I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Bern.

BERN is a regular well-built town, with ſome air of magnificence. The houſes are of a fine, white, free-ſtone, and pretty uniform, particularly in the principal ſtreet, where they are all exactly of the ſame height. There are piazzas on each ſide, with a walk, raiſed four feet above the level of the ſtreet, very commodious in wet weather.

A ſmall branch of the Aar has been turned into this ſtreet, and being confined to a narrow channel in the middle, which has a conſiderable ſlope, it runs with great rapidity; and, without being a diſagreeable object of itſelf, is of great ſervice in keeping the ſtreet clean.

Another circumſtance contributes to render this one of the moſt cleanly towns in Europe:—Criminals are employed in removing rubbiſh from the ſtreets and public walks. The more atrocious delinquents are chained to waggons, while thoſe who are condemned for ſmaller crimes, are employed in ſweeping the light rubbiſh into the rivulet, and throwing the heavier into the carts or waggons, which their more criminal companions are obliged to puſh or draw along.

Theſe wretches have collars of iron fixed around their necks, with a projecting handle in the form of a hook to each, by which, on the ſlighteſt offence or mutiny, they may be ſeized, and are entirely at the command of the guard, whoſe duty it is to ſee them perform their work.—People of both ſexes are condemned to this labour for months, years, or for life, according to the nature of their crimes.

It

It is alleged, that over and above the deterring from crimes, which is effected by this, in common with the other methods of puniſhing, there is the additional advantage, of obliging the criminal to repair by his labour the injury which he has done to the community.

I ſuſpect, however, that this advantage is overbalanced by the bad effects of habituating people to behold the miſery of their fellow-creatures, which I imagine gradually hardens the hearts of the ſpectators, and renders them leſs ſuſceptible of the emotions of compaſſion and pity;—feelings, which, perhaps, of all others, have the beſt influence upon, and are the moſt becoming, human nature. Juvenal ſays,

——————————molliſſima corda
Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit: hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſûs.

Wherever public executions and puniſhments are frequent, the common people have been obſerved to acquire a greater degree of inſenſibility, and cruelty of diſpoſition, than in places where ſuch ſcenes ſeldom occur.—I remember, while I was at Geneva, where executions are very rare, a young man was condemned to be hanged for murder, and there was a general gloom and uneaſineſs evident in every ſociety for ſeveral days before and after the execution.

The public buildings at Bern, as the hoſpital, the granary, the guard-houſe, the arſenal, and the churches, are magnificent. There is a very elegant building juſt completed, with accommodations for many public amuſements, ſuch as balls, concerts, and theatrical entertainments. There are alſo apartments for private ſocieties and aſſemblies. It was built by a voluntary ſubſcription among the nobility; and no ſocieties,

cieties, but of the patrician order, are allowed there.

Theatrical entertainments are ſeldom permitted at Bern; none have as yet been performed at this new theatre.

The walk by the great church was formerly the only public walk, and much admired on account of the view from it, and the peculiarity of its ſituation, being on a level with the ſtreets on one ſide, and ſome hundred feet of perpendicular height above them on the other. But there is now another public walk, at ſome diſtance without the town, which has been lately made upon a high bank by the ſide of the Aar, and is the moſt magnificent I ever ſaw belonging to this or any other town. From it there is a commanding view of the river, the town of Bern, the country about it, and the Glaciers of Switzerland.

I have

I have viſited the library, where, beſides the books, there are a few antiques, and ſome other curioſities. The ſmall figure of the prieſt pouring wine between the horns of a bull, is valuable only becauſe it illuſtrates a paſſage in Virgil, and has been mentioned by Addiſon.

An addition was lately made to this library by a collection of Engliſh books, magnificently bound, which were ſent as a preſent by an Engliſh gentleman; who, though he has thought proper to conceal his name, has ſufficiently diſcovered his political principles by the nature of the collection, amongſt which, I diſtinguiſhed Milton's orks, particularly his proſe writings; A gernon Sidney on Government, Locke, Ludlow's Memoirs, Gordon's tranſlation of Tacitus, Addiſon's works, particularly The Freeholder; Marvel's works, Steel's, &c. They were the largeſt and fineſt editions, and might be about the value

of

of 200l.—This gentleman made a preſent of the ſame nature to the public library at Geneva.

I happened to open the Glaſgow edition of Homer, which I ſaw here, on a blank page of which was an addreſs in Latin to the Corſican General, Paoli, ſigned James Boſwell. This very elegant book had been ſent, I ſuppoſe, as a preſent from Mr. Boſwell to his friend the General; and, when that unfortunate chief was obliged to abandon his country, has, with others of his effects, fallen into the hands of the Swiſs officer in the French ſervice, who made a preſent of the Homer to this library.

The arſenal I could not have omitted ſeeing had I been ſo inclined, as the Bernois value themſelves on the trophies contained in it, and upon the quantity, good condition, and arrangement of the arms.

Nothing

Nothing intereſted me ſo much as the figures of the brave Switzers, who firſt took arms againſt tyranny, and that of William Tell, who is repreſented aiming at the apple on his ſon's head. I contemplated this with an emotion which was created by the circumſtances of the ſtory, not by the workmanſhip; for, at that moment, I ſhould have beheld with neglect the moſt exquiſite ſtatue that ever was formed of Auguſtus Cæſar.

Surely no characters have ſo juſt a claim to the admiration and gratitude of poſterity as thoſe who have freed their countrymen from the capricious inſolence of tyrants: And whether all the incidents of Tell's ſtory be true or fabulous, the men (whoever they were) who rouſed and incited their fellow-citizens to throw off the Auſtrian yoke, deſerve to be regarded as patriots, having undoubtedly been actuated by

by that principle, ſo dear to every generous heart, the ſpirit of independence.

" Who with the gen'rous ruſtics ſate,
" On Uri's rock, in cloſe divan,
" And wing'd that arrow ſure as fate,
" Which aſcertain'd the ſacred rights of
" man."

Mr. Addiſon obſerves, that there is no great pleaſure in viſiting arſenals, merely to ſee a repetition of theſe magazines of war; yet it is worth while, as it gives an idea of the force of a ſtate, and ſerves to fix in the mind the moſt conſiderable parts of its hiſtory.

The arms taken from the Burgundians, in the various battles which eſtabliſhed the liberty of Switzerland, are diſplayed here; alſo the figure of the General of Bern, who, in the year 1536, conquered the Pays de Vaud from Charles III. Duke of Savoy:— And, if they have no trophies to ſhew of a later date, I am convinced it is becauſe they

they are too poor and too wiſe to aim at any extenſion of dominion;—And becauſe all the neighbouring powers are at length become ſenſible, that the nature of their country, and their perſonal valour, have rendered the Swiſs as unconquerable, as, from political conſiderations, they are averſe to attempt conqueſts.

LETTER XXXVI.

Bern.

THE different cantons of Switzerland, though united together by a common bond, and all of a republican form of government, differ in the nature of that form, as well as in religion.

The Roman Catholic religion being favourable to monarchy, one would naturally imagine, that, when adopted by a republic, it would gradually wind up the government to the higheſt pitch of ariſtocracy.

The fact neverthelefs is, that thoſe cantons, which are in the ſtrongeſt degree democratical, are of the Popiſh perſuaſion; and the moſt perfect ariſtocracy of them all

all is eſtabliſhed in this Proteſtant canton of Bern, which is alſo indeed the moſt powerful. In extent of country, and number of inhabitants, it is reckoned nearly equal to all the others taken together.

The nobility of Bern are accuſed of an extraordinary degree of pride and ſtatelineſs. They affect to keep the citizens at a great diſtance; and it is with difficulty that their wives and daughters will condeſcend to mix with the mercantile families at balls, aſſemblies, and ſuch public occaſions, where numbers ſeem eſſential to the nature of the entertainment; by which means a nobility ball loſes in cheerfulneſs what it retains in dignity, and is often, as I am told, as devoid of amuſement as it is ſolemn.

The whole power of the government, and all the honourable offices of the ſtate, are in the hands of the nobility. As it is not

permitted them to trade, they would naturally fall into poverty without this reſource: But by the number of places which the nobles enjoy, and to which very conſiderable penſions are annexed, the pooreſt of them are enabled to ſupport their families with dignity.

The bailliages, into which the whole canton and the conquered territories are divided, form lucrative and honourable eſtabliſhments for the principal families of Bern. The bailiff is governor and judge in his own diſtrict, and there is a magnificent chateau in each for his accommodation. An appeal may be made from all ſubordinate courts to him; as alſo from his deciſion, to the council at Bern.

The nobility of Bern, though born to be judges, are not always inſtructed in law. It has therefore been thought requiſite, to appoint a certain number of perſons, as their

aſſeſſors, who have been bred to the profeſſion. But in caſe the judge ſhould differ from thoſe aſſeſſors, and retain his own opinion in ſpite of their remonſtrances, as nobility has the precedency of law, the deciſion muſt be given according to the will of the judge.

This office remains in the hands of the ſame perſon for the term of ſix years only. I have been informed, that in ſome of theſe bailliages, the governor may live with proper magnificence, and lay up, during the period of his office, two or three thouſand pounds, without extortion, or unbecoming parſimony. There is no law againſt his being afterwards named to another bailliage.

The executive power of the government, with all the lucrative and honourable offices, being thus in the hands of the nobility, it may be imagined, that the middle and lower ranks of people are poor and oppreſſed.

preſſed. This, however, is by no means the caſe; for the citizens, I mean the merchants and trades-people, ſeem, in general, to enjoy all the comforts and conveniencies of life. And the peaſantry is uncommonly wealthy throughout the whole canton of Bern.

The Swiſs have no objection to their nobles being their judges, and to the principal offices of government remaining in their hands. They look upon the nobility as their natural ſuperiors, and think, that they and their families ought to be ſupported with a certain degree of ſplendor:—But the power of direct taxation is a different queſtion, and muſt be managed with all poſſible caution and delicacy.—It is a common cauſe, and the conduct of the nobles in this particular is watched with very jealous eyes. They are ſufficiently aware of this, and uſe their power with moderation. But leſt the nobles ſhould at

any time forget, a very good hint is given in a German inſcription in the arſenal, implying, That the inſolence and rapacity of high rank had brought about the liberty of Switzerland.

A people who have always arms in their hands, and form the only military force of the country, are in no danger of being oppreſſed and irritated with taxes.

It has been conſidered by ſome as a pernicious policy in the Swiſs, to allow ſo many of their inhabitants to ſerve as mercenaries in the different armies of Europe. There are others, who conſider this meaſure as expedient, or leſs pernicious in the Swiſs cantons, than it would be in any other country.

They who ſupport this opinion, aſſert, that every part of Switzerland, which is capable of cultivation, is already improved to the

the higheſt degree;—that, after retaining a ſufficient number of hands to keep it always in this condition, and for the ſupport of every manufactory, ſtill there remains a ſurplus of inhabitants, which forms the troops that are allowed to go into foreign ſervices. They add, that theſe troops only engage for a limited number of years, after the expiration of which, many of them return, with money, to their native country; and all of them, by ſtipulation, may be recalled by the ſtate on any emergency.—By this means, they retain a numerous and well-diſciplined army on foot; which, ſo far from being a burden, in reality enriches the ſtate;—an advantage which no other people ever poſſeſſed.

There is ſtill another motive for this meaſure, which, though it be not openly avowed, yet, I ſuſpect, has conſiderable weight: The council are perhaps afraid, that if the young nobility were kept at

home, where they could have but few objects to occupy them, they might cabal and ſpread diſſentions in the ſtate; or perhaps, through idleneſs and ambition, excite dangerous inſurrections among the peaſants. For, although the laws are ſevere againſt ſtate crimes, and eaſily put in execution againſt ordinary offenders, it might be difficult and dangerous to puniſh a popular young nobleman.

It may on theſe accounts be thought highly prudent to allow a large proportion of them to exhauſt, in ſome foreign ſervice, the fiery and reſtleſs years of youth, which at home might have been ſpent in faction and dangerous intrigues. Very probably the ſtates would incline to permit the officers to go, while they retained the private men at home; but are under a neceſſity of allowing the latter alſo, becauſe without them the officers could not be raiſed to thoſe diſtinguiſhed ſituations in

foreign ſervices which are their greateſt inducements to leave their own country.

After having ſerved a certain time, almoſt all of them return to Switzerland. Some, becauſe they are tired of diſſipation; others to inherit a paternal eſtate; and many with penſions from the Princes they have ſerved.—The heat of youth is then moſt probably over.—They begin to aſpire to thoſe offices in their own country to which their birth gives them a claim, and which they now prefer to the luſtre of military rank. They wiſh to ſupport thoſe laws, and that government, which they find ſo partial to their families; or they deſire to paſs the remainder of life in eaſe and retirement on their paternal eſtates.

It is remarkable, that the Swiſs officers, who return from foreign ſervices, particularly that of France, inſtead of importing French manners to their native mountains

and infecting their countrymen with the luxuries and fopperies of that nation, throw off all foreign airs with their uniform, and immediately resume the plain and frugal ſtyle of life which prevails in their own country.

LETTER XXXVII.

Baſil.

HAVING, on a former occaſion, made a more extenſive tour through Switzerland, we determined not to deviate from the direct road to Straſbourg. In purſuance of this reſolution, H——y and I, when we left Bern, paſſed by Soleurre, the capital of the canton of the ſame name.

Soleurre is an agreeable little town ſituated on the river Aar. The houſes are neatly built, and not inelegant; the meaneſt of them have a cleanly appearance. The common people ſeem to be in eaſier circumſtances, and have a greater air of content, than in any Roman Catholic country I have ever viſited. The inn where we lodged

lodged has the comfortable look of an Engliſh one. The French ambaſſador to the cantons has his reſidence in this town. One of the churches of Soleurre is the moſt magnificent modern building in Switzerland.

The arſenal is ſtored with arms in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the canton; and there are trophies, and other monuments of the valour of their anceſtors, as in the arſenal of Bern. In the middle of the hall there are thirteen figures of men in complete armour, repreſenting the thirteen Swiſs cantons.

The country between Soleurre and Baſil, though very hilly, is beautiful, perhaps the more ſo on that account, becauſe of the variety of ſurface and different views it preſents. H——y and I had more leiſure to admire thoſe fine landſcapes than we wiſhed, for the axle-tree of the chaiſe broke at ſome miles diſtance from Baſil.

It

It was the gay ſeaſon of the vintage.—The country was crowded with peaſantry of both ſexes and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. Our walk for theſe few miles was agreeable and amuſing. In all countries this is the ſeaſon of joy and feſtivity, and approaches neareſt the exaggerated deſcription which the ancient poets have given of rural happineſs. Perhaps there is in reality not ſo much exaggeration in their deſcription, as alteration in our manners.—For, if the peaſants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than thoſe of any other people?—In ſpite of poverty and oppreſſion, a happy enthuſiaſm, a charming madneſs, and perfect oblivion of care are diffuſed all over France during the vintage.—Every village is enlivened with muſic, dancing, and glee;—and were it not for their tattered cloaths and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage ſeaſon, would

would imagine the country people of France in a ſituation as enviable as that which, according to the Poets, was formerly enjoyed by the Shepherds of Arcadia.—The peaſantry of this country have not ſo great a ſenſibility or expreſſion of joy; and though bleſſed with health, freedom, and abundance, a compoſed ſatisfaction, a kind of phlegmatic good-humour, mark the boundaries of their happineſs.

When we arrived at Baſil, we went directly to the Three Kings. This inn, in point of ſituation, is the moſt agreeable you can well imagine. The Rhone waſhes its walls, and the windows of a large dining-room look acroſs that noble river to the fertile plains on the oppoſite ſide.

I am juſt returned from that ſame dining-room, where H——y and I thought proper to ſup.—There were ten or a dozen people at table.—I ſat next to a genteel-looking

looking man from Straſbourg, with whom I converſed a good deal during ſupper. He had for his companion a round-faced, roſy, plump gentleman from Amſterdam, who did not ſpeak French: but the Straſburgher addreſſed him from time to time in Low Dutch, to which the other replied by nods.

When the retreat of the greater part of the company had contracted the little circle which remained, I expreſſed ſome regret to my Straſbourg acquaintance, that Mr. H—y and I could not ſpeak a little Dutch; or that his friend could not ſpeak French, that we might enjoy the pleaſure of his converſation. This was immediately tranſlated to the Dutchman, who heard it with great compoſure, and then took his pipe from his mouth, and made an anſwer, which I got our interpreter, with ſome difficulty, to explain. It was to this effect:—That we ought to conſole ourſelves for the accident of our not underſtanding each other; for as

we

we had no connection, or dealings in trade together, our converſing could not poſſibly anſwer any uſeful purpoſe. H——y made a low bow to this compliment, ſaying, that the juſtneſs and good ſenſe of that remark had certainly eſcaped my obſervation, as he acknowledged it had hitherto done his.

A man that travels, you ſee, my friend, and takes care to get into good company, is always learning ſomething.—Had I not viſited the Three Kings at Baſil, I might have converſed all my lifetime without knowing the true uſe of language.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Baſil.

THERE has been an interval of three days ſince I had the converſation with my ingenious acquaintance from Amſterdam. We are aſſured that the chaiſe, which has been accommodated with a new axle-tree, will be ready this afternoon. In the interim, I ſhall write you a few remarks on this town.

Baſil is larger than any town in Switzerland, but not ſo populous for its ſize as Geneva. The inhabitants ſeem to be uncommonly afraid of thieves, moſt of the windows being guarded by iron bars or grates, like thoſe of convents or priſons.

I obſerved

I obſerved at the lower end of many windows a kind of wooden box, projecting towards the ſtreet, with a round glaſs, of about half a foot in diameter, in the middle. I was told this was for the conveniency of people within; who, without being ſeen, chooſe to ſit at the windows, and amuſe themſelves by looking at the paſſengers;—that they were moſtly occupied by the ladies, who are taught to think it indecent to appear at the windows.

The inhabitants of Baſil ſeem to be of a reſerved and ſaturnine diſpoſition; whether it is natural or affected I cannot tell, but the few I converſed with, had ſomething uncommonly ſerious and formal in their manner. How an unremitting gravity and ſolemnity of manner in the common affairs of life, comes to be conſidered as an indication of wiſdom, or of extraordinary parts, is what I never could underſtand.

ſtand.—So many ridiculous things occur every day in this world, that men who are endowed with that degree of ſenſibility which uſually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt even in the grave and learned profeſſions of law, phyſic, and divinity; and the individuals who have been moſt ſucceſsful in ſurmounting it, and who never deviate from the ſolemnity of eſtabliſhed forms, have not always been the moſt diſtinguiſhed for real knowledge or genius; though they generally are moſt admired by the multitude, who are very apt to miſtake that gravity for wiſdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddineſs of underſtanding. Miſtakes of the ſame kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Thoſe which profeſs a formal deſign to inſtruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically till the reader is lulled into re-

poſe, have paſſed for deep and uſeful performances; while others, replete with original obſervation and real inſtruction, have been treated as frivolous, becauſe they are written in a familiar ſtyle, and the precepts conveyed in a ſprightly and indirect manner.

Works which are compoſed with the laborious deſire of being thought profound, have ſo very often the misfortune to be dull, that ſome people have conſidered the two terms as ſynonymous; and the men who receive it as a rule, that one ſet of books are profound becauſe they are dull, may naturally conclude that others are ſuperficial becauſe they are entertaining. With reſpect to books, however, matters are ſoon ſet to rights; thoſe of puffed and falſe pretenſions die neglected, while thoſe of real merit live and flouriſh. But with regard to the men, the cataſtrophe is often different; we daily ſee formal aſſuming

blockheads flouriſh and enjoy the fruits of their pompous impoſitions, while many men of talents who diſdain ſuch arts, live in obſcurity, and die neglected.——I aſk you pardon, I have juſt recollected that I was giving you ſome account of Baſil.

The library here is much eſteemed.—It is reckoned particularly rich in manuſcripts. They ſhowed us one of a Greek New Teſtament, with which you may believe H—y and I were greatly edified. We are told it is above a thouſand years old.

At the arſenal is ſhown, the armour in which Charles Duke of Burgundy was killed. That unfortunate prince has ornamented all the arſenals in Switzerland with trophies.

We viſited the hall where the famous Council ſat ſo many years, and voted ſo

intrepidly againſt the Pope. Not ſatisfied with condemning his conduct, they actually damned him in effigy. A famous painting, in the town-houſe, is ſuppoſed to have been executed under their auſpices. In this piece the Devil is repreſented driving the Pope and ſeveral eccleſiaſtics before him to Hell.—Why they ſhould ſuppoſe the Devil ſhould be ſo very active againſt his Holineſs, I know no reaſon.

Here are many pictures of Hans Holben's (who was a native of Baſil, and the favourite painter of Henry VIII. to whom he was firſt recommended by Eraſmus); particularly, ſeveral portraits of Eraſmus, and one ſketch of Sir Thomas More's family. Though portraits are in general the moſt inſipid of all kinds of paintings, yet thoſe of ſuch celebrated perſons, done by ſuch a painter, are certainly very intereſting pieces.

The moſt admired of all Holben's works, is a ſuite of ſmall pieces in different compartments, repreſenting the paſſion and ſufferings of our Saviour. In theſe the colours remain with wonderful vivacity.

We were alſo conducted to the diſmal gallery, upon whoſe walls, what is called Holben's Death's Dance, is repreſented. The colours having been long expoſed to the air, are now quite faded, which I can ſcarce think is much to be regretted, for the plan of the piece is ſo wretched, that the fineſt execution could hardly prevent it from giving diſguſt.

A ſkeleton, which repreſents Death, leads off, in a dancing attitude, people of both ſexes, of all ages, and of every condition, from the emperor to the beggar. All of them diſplay the greateſt unwillingneſs to accompany their hideous partner,

who, regardleſs of tears, expoſtulations, and bribes, draws them along.

You will take notice, that there is a Death for each character, which occaſions a nauſeous repetition of the ſame figure; and the reluctance marked by the different people who are forced to this hated minuet, is in ſome accompanied with grimaces ſo very ridiculous, that one cannot refrain from ſmiling, which ſurely is not the effect the painter intended to produce.—If he did, of all the contrivances that ever were thought of to put people in good-humour, his muſt be allowed the moſt extraordinary.

To this piece, ſuch as it is, Prior alludes in his ode to the memory of Colonel Villers.

Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance,
Peoples great Henry's tomb, and leads to
Holben's dance.

In

In this city all the clocks are an hour advanced. When it is but one o'clock in all the towns and villages around, it is exactly two at Baſil. This ſingularity is of three or four hundred years ſtanding; and what is as ſingular as the cuſtom itſelf, the origin of it is not known. This is plain, by their giving quite different accounts of it.

The moſt popular ſtory is, that, about four hundred years ago, the city was threatened with an aſſault by ſurpriſe. The enemy was to begin the attack when the large clock of the Tower at one end of the bridge ſhould ſtrike one after midnight. The artiſt who had the care of the clock, being informed that this was the expected ſignal, cauſed the clock to be altered, and it ſtruck two inſtead of one; ſo the enemy thinking they were an hour too late, gave up the attempt; and in commemoration of this deliverance, all the clocks in

Baſil have ever ſince ſtruck two at one o'clock, and ſo on.

In caſe this account of the matter ſhould not be ſatisfactory, they ſhow, by way of aſſirmation, a head, which is placed near to this patriotic clock, with the face turned to the road by which the enemy was to have entered. The ſame head lolls out its tongue every minute, in the moſt inſulting manner poſſible. This was originally a piece of mechanical wit of the famous clock-maker's who ſaved the town. He framed it in deriſion of the enemy, whom he had ſo dexterouſly deceived. It has been repaired, renewed, and enabled to thruſt out its tongue every minute, for theſe four hundred years, by the care of the magiſtrates, who think ſo excellent a joke cannot be too often repeated.

LETTER XXXIX.

Straſbourg.

NOTHING can form a finer contraſt with the mountains of Switzerland than the plains of Alſace. From Baſil to Straſbourg, is a continued, well cultivated plain, as flat almoſt as a bowling-green. We ſaw great quantities of tobacco hanging at the peaſants doors, as we came along, this herb being plentifully cultivated in theſe fields.

We have paſſed ſome days very agreeably in this town. One can ſcarcely be at a loſs for good company and amuſement, in a place where there is a numerous French garriſon. Marechal Contades reſides here at preſent, as commander of the troops, and governor of the province. He lives

in a magnificent manner. The Engliſh who happen to paſs this way, as well as the officers of the garriſon, have great reaſon to praiſe his hoſpitality and politeneſs.

After dining at his houſe, with ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen, he invited the company to his box at the playhouſe. Voltaire's Enfant Prodigue was acted; and for the Petite Pièce, le François à Londres. Our nation is a little bantered, as you know, in the laſt. The eyes of the ſpectators were frequently turned towards the Marechal's box, to obſerve how we bore the raillery. We clapped heartily, and ſhowed the moſt perfect good-humour. There was indeed no reaſon to do otherwiſe. The ſatire is genteel, and not too ſevere; and reparation is made for the liberties taken; for in the ſame piece, all manner of juſtice is done to the real good qualities belonging to the Engliſh national character.

An

An old French officer, who was in the next box to us, ſeemed uneaſy, and hurt at the peals of laughter which burſt from the audience at ſome particular paſſages: he touched my ſhoulder, and aſſured me that no nation was more reſpected in France than the Engliſh;—adding, 'Hanc veniam damus, petimuſque viciſſim.'

It were to be wiſhed that French characters, when brought on the Engliſh ſtage, had been always treated with as little ſeverity, and with equal juſtice; and not ſo often ſacrificed to the illiberal and abſurd prejudices of the vulgar.

I have ſeen the greater number of the regiments perform their exerciſe ſeparately, and there has been one general field-day ſince I came hither. The French troops are infinitely better clothed, and in all reſpects better appointed than they were during the laſt war. For this reformation, I am told they

they are obliged to the Duc de Choiſeul, who, though now in diſgrace, ſtill retains many friends in the army.

There are, beſides the French, two German regiments in this garriſon. Theſe admit of the diſcipline of the cane upon every ſlight occaſion, which is never permitted among the French troops. Notwithſtanding their being ſo plentifully provided with thoſe ſevere flappers to rouſe their attention, I could not perceive that the German regiments went through their exerciſe with more preciſion or alertneſs than the French; and any difference would, in my opinion, be dearly purchaſed at the price of treating one ſoldier like a ſpaniel.

Perhaps what improves the hardy and phlegmatic German, would have a contrary effect on the more delicate and lively Frenchman; as the ſame ſeverity which is requiſite to train a pointer, would render a greyhound good for nothing.

After

After all, I queſtion very much whether this ſhocking cuſtom is abſolutely neceſſary in the armies of any nation; for, let our martinets ſay what they pleaſe, there is ſurely ſome difference between men and dogs.

With reſpect to the French, I am convinced that great ſeverity would break their ſpirit, and impair that fire and impetuoſity in attack, for which they have been diſtinguiſhed, and which makes French troops more formidable than any other quality they poſſeſs.

I muſt own I was highly pleaſed with the eaſy, familiar air, and appearance of good will, with which the French officers in general ſpeak to the common ſoldiers.—This, I am told, does not diminiſh the reſpect and obedience which ſoldiers owe to their ſuperiors, or that degree of ſubordination which military diſcipline exacts. On the contrary,

trary, it is aſſerted, that to theſe properties, which the French poſſeſs in common with other ſoldiers, they join a kind of grateful attachment and affection.

In ſome ſervices, the behaviour of the officers to the private ſoldiers is ſo moroſe, ſevere, and unrelenting, that a man might be led to believe that one of their principal enjoyments was to render the lives of the common men as miſerable as poſſible.

If a certain degree of gentleneſs does no harm in the great articles of obedience and ſubordination, it is ſurely worth while to pay ſome attention to the feelings of ſo large a proportion of mankind, as are by modern policy neceſſitated to follow a military life. To put *their* happineſs entirely out of the queſtion, in the government of the armies of which they form infinitely the major part, is rather hard treatment of creatures who are of the ſame ſpecies, employed in the ſame

ſame cauſe, and expoſed to the ſame dangers with their officers.

When I began this, I intended to have told you a few things about Straſbourg, inſtead of which I have been led out of my way by French and German ſoldiers.—Digreſſing is a trick to which I am very ſubject, and rather than not be indulged in it, I would throw away my pen altogether.

The D— of H—— arrived here exactly at the time he propoſed.

LETTER XL.

Straſbourg.

THE cathedral of Straſbourg is a very fine building, and never fails to attract the attention of ſtrangers.

Our Gothic anceſtors, like the Greeks and Romans, built for poſterity. Their ideas in architecture, though different from thoſe of the Grecian artiſts, were vaſt, ſublime, and generous, far ſuperior to the ſelfiſh ſnugneſs of modern taſte, which is generally confined to one or two generations; the plans of our anceſtors with a more extenſive benevolence embrace diſtant ages. Many Gothic buildings ſtill habitable evince this, and ought to inſpire ſentiments of gratitude to thoſe who have not grudged ſuch labour and

and expence for the accommodation of their remote poſterity.

The number and magnitude of Gothic churches, in the different countries of Europe, form a preſumption, that the clergy were not devoid of public ſpirit in thoſe days; for if the powerful eccleſiaſtics had then been entirely actuated by motives of ſelf-intereſt, they would have turned the exceſſive influence which they had acquired over the minds of their fellow-citizens, to purpoſes more immediately advantageous to themſelves; inſtead of encouraging them to raiſe magnificent churches for the uſe of the public, they might have preached it up as ſtill more meritorious to build fine houſes and palaces for the immediate ſervants and ambaſſadors of God.—But we find very few eccleſiaſtical palaces, in compariſon with the number of churches which ſtill remain for the public conveniency. This ſufficiently ſhows the injuſtice of thoſe indiſcriminating

ſatiriſts, who aſſert that the clergy in all ages and countries have diſplayed a ſpirit equally proud and intereſted.

No ſpecies of architecture is better contrived for the dwelling of *heavenly penſive contemplation*, than the Gothic; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with ſublime, ſolemn, and religious ſentiments; the antiquity of the Gothic churches contributes to increaſe that veneration which their form and ſize inſpire. We naturally feel a reſpect for a fabric into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has ſtood the aſſaults of many centuries, and of a thouſand ſtorms. That religious melancholy which uſually poſſeſſes the mind in large Gothic churches, is however conſiderably counteracted by certain ſatirical bas reliefs with which the pillars and cornices of this church of Straſbourg was originally ornamented.—The vices of monks are here expoſed under

the

the allegorical figure of hogs, aſſes, monkies, and foxes, which being dreſſed in monkiſh habits, perform the moſt venerable functions of religion. And for the edification of thoſe who do not comprehend allegory, a monk in the robes of his order, is engraved on the pulpit in a moſt indecent poſture, with a nun lying by him.

Upon the whole, the cathedral of Straſbourg is conſidered by ſome people as the moſt impious, and by others as the merrieſt Gothic church in Chriſtendom. I leave you to ſolve the problem as you pleaſe.—As for me, I am a very unconcerned paſſenger.

I ſay nothing of the great clock and its various movements. Though it was an object of admiration when firſt conſtructed, it is beheld with indifference by modern artiſts.

I had the curioſity to aſcend the ſteeple of this cathedral, which is reckoned one of the higheſt in Europe, its height being 574 feet. You may eaſily form an idea of the view from it, when I tell you it comprehends the town of Straſbourg, the extenſive plains of Alſace, with the Rhine flowing through them. Such views are not uncommon: They are always agreeable, but do not aſtoniſh and elevate the mind, like the wild, irregular, and ſublime ſcenes in Switzerland.

One forenoon as I was ſauntering through the ſtreets with ſome of our countrymen, we were informed that the muſic of ſome of the regiments had been ordered to a particular church, where the Count de ———, ſon of Lewis the XVth by Madam de Pompadour, was expected to be at maſs.—We all immediately went for the ſake of the military muſic, and found a very numerous and genteel company attending. After having

having waited a conſiderable time, it ſtruck twelve, upon which the whole company retired, without hearing the muſic or maſs. —After mid-day the ceremony could not have been performed, although the Count had come. Something very important muſt have intervened to prevent a Frenchman, and one of his character for politeneſs, from attending on ſuch an occaſion. There was however a murmur of diſapprobation for this want of attention, and the prieſt was not applauded, who had hazarded the ſouls of a whole churchful of people, out of complaiſance to one man; for thoſe who imagine that a maſs can ſave ſouls, muſt admit that the want of it may be the cauſe of damnation. Mr. H—y whiſpered me, "In "England they would not have had half "the complaiſance for the king himſelf, "accompanied by all his legitimate chil- "dren, that theſe people have ſhewn to "this ſon of a w—e."

To indemnify myſelf for this diſappointment, I went the ſame afternoon with a French officer to hear a celebrated preacher. The ſubject of his diſcourſe was the miſerable ſituation of men who were under the dominion of their paſſions.—Do you wiſh for a ſample of his diſcourſe?—Here it is: ——" A ſlave in the galleys (cried the " preacher) is happier, and more free, than " a man under the tyranny of his paſſions; " for though the body of the ſlave is in " chains, his mind may be free.—Whereas " the wretch who is under the government " of his paſſions, has his mind, his very " ſoul, in chains.—Is his paſſion luſt?—he " will ſacrifice a faithful ſervant to gratify " it;—David did ſo.—Is it avarice?—he " will betray his maſter;—Judas did ſo.— " Is he attached to a miſtreſs?—he will " murder a ſaint to pleaſe her;—Herod did " ſo."

As we returned from the church, the French officer, who had been for ſome time in

in a reverie, ſaid, Ma foi, cet homme parle avec beaucoup d'onction; je vais profiter de ſon ſermon.—Où eſt-ce que vous allez? ſaid I.—Je m'en vais chez Nanette, replied he, pour me débarraſſer de ma paſſion dominante.

Among the curioſities of the cathedral, I ought to have mentioned two large bells, which they ſhow to ſtrangers. One is of braſs, and weighs ten tons; the other of ſilver, which they ſay weighs above two.—They alſo ſhow a large French horn, whoſe hiſtory is as follows.—About four hundred years ago, the Jews formed a conſpiracy to betray the city, and with this identical horn, they intended to give the enemy notice when to begin the attack.

Is it not amazing that ſuch a number of ſtrange ſtories have been circulated concerning theſe ſame Jews?

The plot, however, was diſcovered; many of the Jews were burnt alive, the reſt were plundered of their money and effects, and baniſhed the town. And this horn is ſounded twice every night from the battlements of the ſteeple, in gratitude for the deliverance.

The Jews, as you would expect, deny every circumſtance of this ſtory, except the murdering and pillaging their countrymen. They ſay the whole ſtory was fabricated to furniſh a pretext for theſe robberies and murders, and aſſert that the ſteeple of Straſbourg, as has been ſaid of the monument of London,

"Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies."

LETTER XLI.

Manheim.

ALL the advantages I might propoſe from the D— of H——'s company, did not prevent my regret at parting from my friend H—y, who ſet out for Lyons the ſame morning on which we left Straſbourg.

Upon croſſing the Rhine we entered into the territories of the Margrave of Baden Durlach, which lie along the banks of that river immediately oppoſite to Alſace.

At Raſtade we were informed that the Margrave and his family were at Karlſruch. Raſtade is the capital of this prince's dominions.—The town is but ſmall, and not very populous:—The Margrave's palace, however, is ſufficiently large.—We made only a ſhort

ſhort ſtay to examine it, being impatient to get on to Karlſruch.

There is another very magnificent palace at Karlſruch, built in good taſte. It was begun many years ago, and has been lately finiſhed by the reigning prince.

The town of Karlſruch is built on a regular plan. It conſiſts of one principal ſtreet of above an Engliſh mile in length. This ſtreet is at a conſiderable diſtance in front of the palace, and in a parallel direction with it. All the other ſtreets go off at different angles from the principal one, in ſuch a manner as that whichſoever of them you enter, walking from it, the view is terminated by the front of the palace. The length of theſe ſmaller ſtreets is aſcertained, none of them being allowed to approach on the ſpacious area, which is kept clear before the palace.

The

The principal ſtreet may be extended to any length, and as many additional ſtreets as they pleaſe may be built from it, all of which, according to this plan, will have the palace for a termination.

The houſes of this town are all as uniform as the ſtreets, being of an equal ſize and height; ſo that one would be led to imagine that none of the inhabitants are in any conſiderable degree richer or poorer than their neighbours. There are indeed a few new houſes, more elegant than the others, belonging to ſome of the officers of the court, built at one ſide of the palace; but they are not, properly ſpeaking, in the town.

Having announced in the uſual form, that we wiſhed to have the honour of paying our court to the Margrave, an officer waited on the D— of H—— and conducted us to the palace.

There

There were at dinner the reigning Prince and Princeſs;—three of their ſons, the eldeſt of whom is married to a Princeſs of Heſſe Darmſtadt.—She with one of her ſiſters was preſent, alſo the Princeſs Dowager of Bareith, daughter to the Duke of Brunſwick; two general officers in the Imperial ſervice, and other ladies and gentlemen, making in all a company of above thirty at table.

The entertainment was ſplendid.—The Margrave behaved with the politeſt attention to the D— of H——, and with affability to every body.

The Princeſs of Bareith is of a gay, lively, agreeable character. After dinner the Duke took a view of the different apartments of the palace, and afterwards walked with the Margrave in the gardens till the evening.

The

The ſame company were at ſupper; a band of muſic played during the repaſt, and the day went off in a more eaſy, agreeable manner than I could have expected, conſidering the number of Princes and Princeſſes.

The Margrave of Baden Durlach is between forty and fifty years of age. He is a man of learning, good ſenſe, and benevolent diſpoſitions. I had heard much, long before I ſaw him, of his humanity and attention to the well-being of his ſubjects. This made me view him with a cordial regard, which his rank alone could not have commanded.

He ſpeaks the Engliſh language with conſiderable facility, and is well acquainted with our beſt authors. Solicitous that his ſon ſhould enjoy the ſame advantages, he has engaged Mr. Cramer, a young gentleman from Scotland, of an excellent character, who

who has been for ſeveral years at this court as tutor and companion to the young Prince.

The German Princes are minute obſervers of form. The ſame eſtabliſhment for their houſehold, the ſame officers in the palace, are to be found here, as in the court of the moſt powerful monarch in Europe.—The difference lies more in the ſalaries than in the talents requiſite for theſe places; one Paymaſter for the forces has greater emoluments in England, than a Grand Marechal, a Grand Chamberlain, two Secretaries of State, and half a dozen more of the chief officers of a German court, all taken together.

The Margrave of Baden has body guards who do duty in the palace, foot guards who parade before it; alſo horſe guards and huſſars, all of whom are perfectly well equipped and exactly diſciplined;—a piece of magnificence which ſeems to be adopted by this

this prince, merely in conformity with the cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in his country.

He keeps on foot no other troops beſides the few which are neceſſary for this duty at the palace, though his revenue is more conſiderable, and his finances are in much better order than ſome Princes in Germany who have little ſtanding armies in conſtant pay. He has too juſt an underſtanding not to perceive that the greateſt army he could poſſibly maintain, could be no defence to his dominions, ſituated as they are between the powerful ſtates of France and Auſtria: And probably his principles and diſpoſitions prevent him from thinking of filling his coffers by hiring his ſubjects to foreign powers.

If he were ſo inclined, there is no manner of doubt that he might ſell the perſons of his ſubjects as ſoldiers, or employ them in any other way he ſhould think proper; for he, as well as the other ſovereign Prin-

ces in Germany. has an unlimited power over his people. If you aſk the queſtion, in direct terms, of a German, he will anſwer in the negative; and will talk of certain rights which the ſubjects enjoy, and that they can appeal to the great council or general diet of the empire for relief. But after all his ingenuity and diſtinctions, you find that the barriers which protect the peaſant from the power of the prince, are ſo very weak, that they are hardly worth keeping up, and that the only ſecurity the peaſant has for his perſon or property, muſt proceed from the moderation, good ſenſe, and juſtice of his ſovereign.

Happy would it be for mankind if this unlimited power were always placed in as equitable hands as thoſe of the Margrave of Baden, who employs it entirely for the good of his ſubjects, by whom he is adored!

This

This Prince endeavours, by every means he can deviſe, to introduce induſtry and manufactures among his people.—There is a conſiderable number of Engliſh tradeſmen here, who make Birmingham work, and inſtruct the inhabitants in that buſineſs. He has alſo engaged many watch-makers from Geneva to ſettle here, by granting them encouragements and privileges of every kind, and allows no opportunity to ſlip unimproved, by which he can promote the comfort and happineſs of his people: A prince of ſuch a character is certainly a public bleſſing, and the people are fortunate who are born under his government: But far more fortunate they who are born under a government which can protect them, independent of the virtues, and in ſpite of the vices, of their ſovereign.

When we left Karlſruch, the Margrave gave orders that we might be allowed to paſs by a road lately finiſhed, through a

noble foreſt, ſeveral leagues in length. After having traverſed this, we fell in with the common poſting road, entered the biſhop of Spires's territories, paſſed by the town of that name, proceeded to the Electorate of Palatine, and arrived the ſame night at Manheim.

All the countries I have mentioned form one rich fertile plain; there are few or no gentlemen's houſes to vary the ſcene; nothing but the palace of the prince and the cottages of the peaſants, the gentry living in dependence at court, and the merchants and manufacturers in the towns.

LETTER XLII.

Manheim.

THIS is generally reckoned one of the moſt beautiful cities in Germany. The ſtreets are all as ſtraight as arrows, being what they call tirées au cordeau, and interſect each other at right angles. This never fails to pleaſe at firſt, but becomes ſooner tireſome than a town built with leſs regularity. When a man has walked through the town for half a forenoon, his eyes ſearch in vain for variety: the ſame objects ſeem to move along with him, as if he had been all the while a ſhip-board.

They calculate the number of inhabitants at 24,000, including the garriſon, which conſiſts of 5000 men. This town has three noble gates, adorned with baſſo relievos very

beautifully executed. The Duke and I walked round the ramparts with eaſe in the ſpace of an hour. The fortifications are well contrived and in good order, and the town acquires great additional ſtrength from being almoſt entirely ſurrounded by the Neckar and the Rhine, and ſituated in a flat, not commanded by any riſing ground. Yet perhaps it would be better that this city were quite open, and without any fortification. An attempt to defend it might prove the deſtruction of the citizens' houſes, and the electoral palace. A palace is injudiciouſly ſituated when built within a fortified town, becauſe a threat from the enemy to bombard it, might induce the garriſon to ſurrender.

The Electoral palace is a moſt magnificent ſtructure, ſituated at the junction of the Rhine and the Neckar.—The cabinet of natural curioſities, and the collection of pictures, are much vaunted. To examine them

was

was amuſing enough:—To deſcribe them would, I fear, be a little tedious.

The Elector himſelf is a man of taſte and magnificence, circumſtances in his character, which probably afford more pleaſure to himſelf, and the ſtrangers who paſs this way, than to his own ſubjects.

I accompanied the D— to one of the officers of the court, whoſe buſineſs it is to preſent ſtrangers. This gentleman is remarkable for his amazing knowledge in all the myſteries of etiquette. He entertained his Grace with much erudition on this ſubject.—I never obſerved the D— yawn ſo very much.—When our viſit was over, he aſſerted that it had laſted two hours.—Upon examining his watch, he diſcovered that he had made a miſtake of one hour and forty minutes only.

We were preſented the following day to the Elector and the Electreſs. He was dreſſed in the uniform of his guards, ſeems to be on the borders of fifty, and has a ſenſible manly countenance, which I am told is the true index of his character.

The Hereditary Prince is a young man of knowledge and good ſenſe. He ſurpriſed me by talking of the party-diſputes and adventures which have happened of late years in England, of which I found him minutely informed.—Many people in Germany have the Engliſh news-papers and political pamphlets regularly tranſmitted to them. The acrimony and freedom with which the higheſt characters are treated, aſtoniſh and amuſe them, and from theſe they often form very falſe and extraordinary concluſions with regard to the ſtate of the nation.

As the Elector intends ſoon to viſit Italy, great numbers of officers have come hither

to

to pay their duty to their ſovereign before he depart for that country. He is much eſteemed by his officers, with whom he lives in a very affable manner. There are generally thirty covers every day at his table for them, and the ſtrangers who happen to be at the court of Manheim.

One day at dinner, a kind of buffoon came into the room. He walked round the table, and converſed in a familiar manner with every body preſent, the princes not excepted. His obſervations were followed by loud burſts of applauſe from all whom he addreſſed. As he ſpoke in German, I could not judge of his wit, but ſtared around with the anxiety of countenance natural to a man who ſees a whole company ready to die with laughter at a jeſt which he cannot comprehend. An old officer, who ſat near me, was touched with compaſſion for my ſituation, and explained into French ſome

of the moſt brilliant repartees for my private uſe.

s this good-natured officer did not ſeem to have a great command of the French language, the whole ſpirit of the jeſt was allowed to evaporate during the tranſlation:—At leaſt I could not ſmell a particle when the proceſs was over. However, as theſe tranſlations evidently coſt him a good deal of trouble, I thought myſelf obliged to ſeem delighted with his performance; ſo I joined in the mirth of the company, and endeavoured to laugh as much as any perſon at the table.

My interpreter afterwards informed me that this genius was from the Tyrol, that he ſpoke the German with ſo peculiar an accent, that whatever he ſaid never failed to ſet the whole table in a roar; c'eſt pourquoi, added he, il eſt en poſſeſſion d'entrer toujours avec le deſſert.

This is the only example that I know remaining of a court fool or licenſed jeſter; an office formerly in all the courts of Europe.

LETTER XLIII.

Manheim.

WE made a ſhort jaunt to Heidelberg a few days ſince. That town is about four leagues from Manheim.

Heidelberg is ſituated in a hollow on the banks of the Neckar, and is ſurrounded by charming hills perfectly cultivated.

More cheerful ſcenes of exuberant fertility are to be ſeen no where than along the fine chain of hills which begin near this town. The ſummits of theſe hills are crowned with trees, and their ſides and bottoms are clothed with vines.

The Elector's caſtle is placed on an eminence, which commands the town, and a view

view of the valley below; but the caſtle itſelf unfortunately is commanded by another eminence too near it, from which this noble building was cannonaded when the whole Palatinate was pillaged and burnt, in conſequence of that cruel order of Lewis XIV. too literally executed by Turenne.

The particulars of that diſmal ſcene have been tranſmitted from father to ſon, and are ſtill ſpoke of with horror by the peaſantry of this country, among whom the French nation is held in deteſtation to this day.

While we were in the caſtle we did not omit viſiting the renowned Heidelberg tun; but as it was perfectly empty, it made but a dull and unintereſting appearance.

The inhabitants of the Palatinate are partly Proteſtants, and partly Roman Catholics, who live here in harmony with each other. The great church at Heidelberg is divided

divided into two apartments, in one of which the Proteſtants, and in the other, the Papiſts, perform public worſhip:—A ſingular proof of the moderation and coolneſs of people's minds with regard to a ſubject that inflamed them ſo violently in the days of their anceſtors.

We remained only one day at Heidelberg, and returned in the evening to this place. The lives and manners of the inhabitants of this city ſeem to be as uniform and formal as the ſtreets and buildings. No noiſe, mobs or buſtle; at mid-day every thing is as calm and quiet as the ſtreets of London at midnight. This gives one the notion that the citizens are under the ſame reſtraint and diſcipline with the troops.

I have ſeen theſe laſt perform their exerciſe every morning on the parade. I was a good deal ſurpriſed to obſerve, that not only the movements of the ſoldiers muſkets, and

and the attitudes of their bodies, but alſo their devotions, were under the direction of the major's cane. The following motions are performed as part of the military manœuvres every day before the troops are marched to their different guards.

The major flouriſhes his cane;—the drum gives a ſingle tap, and every man under arms raiſes his hand to his hat;—at a ſecond ſtroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are ſuppoſed to pray;—at a third, they finiſh their petitions, and put their hats on their heads.—If any man has the aſſurance to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is puniſhed on the ſpot, and taught to be leſs devout for the future.

The ingenious inventor of drums certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of people's piety.—But the modern improvements in the military art are truly wonderful!—

derful!—and we need not deſpair, after this, of ſeeing a whole regiment, by the progreſs of diſcipline, ſo modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions, uniformly together, at the word of command, as they poiſe their firelocks.

LETTER XLIV

Manheim.

HAVING left orders at Geneva to forward all our letters of a certain date to Manheim, and to direct thoſe which ſhould come afterwards, to Frankfort on the Maine, I had the good fortune to receive yours laſt night.

I feel as much indignation as you poſſibly can, againſt thoſe who endeavour to hurt the peace of families by malignant publications, and I enter fully into Lord ——'s on ſo unmerited an attack. Yet I ſhould be heartily ſorry to ſee theſe evils remedied by any reſtriction on the freedom of the preſs; becauſe I am every day more and more convinced that its unreſtrained productions, the licentious news-papers themſelves not ex-

cepted, have conveyed to every corner of Great Britain, along with much impertinence and ſcurrility, ſuch a regard for the conſtitution, ſuch a ſenſe of the rights of the ſubject, and ſuch a degree of general knowledge, as never were ſo univerſally diffuſed over any other nation. Such a law as your friend propoſes might, no doubt, protect individuals from unjuſt attacks in print: but it would at the ſame time remove one great means of clearing their innocence, and making known their wrongs, when injured in a more eſſential manner. It would limit the right which every Briton has of publicly adreſſing his countrymen, when he finds himſelf injured or oppreſſed by the perverſion of law, or the inſolence of office.

Examples might be given of men of great integrity being attacked in the moſt cruel and ungenerous manner by people high in office and guarded by power. Such men had no other means of redreſs than that of appealing

appealing to the candour and good ſenſe of the public, which they uſed with ſucceſs. Every man's obſervation may ſuggeſt to him many kinds of injuſtice and oppreſſion which the rich, the inſidious, or the powerful, can commit in ſpite of law, or perhaps by the aid of law, againſt the poor, the unſuſpecting, and the friendleſs.—Many, who can ſilence conſcience and evade law, tremble at the thoughts of their injuſtice being publiſhed; and nothing is, nothing can be, a greater check to the wantonneſs of power, than the privilege of unfolding private grievances at the bar of the public. For thus the cauſe of individuals is made a public concern, and the general indignation which their wrongs excite, forms at once one of the ſevereſt puniſhments which can be inflicted on the oppreſſor, and one of the ſtrongeſt bulwarks that can be raiſed in defence of the unprotected.

By this means alſo the moſt ſpeedy and effectual alarm is given all over the nation when any great public miſconduct happens, or upon any appearance of a deſign againſt the conſtitution; and many evils are detected and prevented, which otherwiſe might have been unobſerved, till they had become too ſtrong for remedy. And though this liberty produces much ſilly advice, and malignant cenſors without number, it likewiſe opens the door to ſome of a different character, who give uſeful hints to miniſters, which would have been loſt without the freedom of anonymous publication.

The temporary and partial diſorders, which are the conſequences of public freedom, have been greatly exaggerated by ſome people, and repreſented as more than equivalent to all the advantages reſulting from a free government. But if ſuch perſons had opportunities of obſerving the nature of thoſe

evils

evils which ſpring up in abſolute governments, they would ſoon be convinced of their error.

The greateſt evil that can ariſe from the licentiouſneſs which accompanies civil liberty is, that people may raſhly take a diſlike to liberty herſelf, from the teaſing impertinence and abſurdity of ſome of her real or affected well-wiſhers; as a man might become leſs fond of the company of his beſt friend, if he found him always attended by a ſnappiſh cur, which without provocation was always growling and barking.

But to prove the weakneſs of ſuch conduct, we have only to call to mind that the ſtream of licentiouſneſs perhaps never roſe higher than it did ſome years ſince in England.—And what were the mighty evils that followed?—Many reſpectable characters were groſsly miſrepreſented in printed publications.—Certain daring ſcribblers evaded

the puniſhment they deſerved:—Many windows were broken, and the chariots of a few members of parliament were beſpattered with dirt by the mob.——What are theſe frivolous diſorders when compared to the gloomy regularity produced by deſpotiſm? in which men are obliged to the moſt painful circumſpection in all their actions; are afraid to ſpeak their ſentiments on the moſt common occurrences; ſuſpicious of cheriſhing government ſpies in their houſehold ſervants; diſtruſtful of their own relations and moſt intimate companions, and at all times expoſed to the oppreſſion of men in power, and to the inſolence of their favourites?—No confuſion, in my mind, can be more terrible than the ſtern diſciplined regularity and vaunted police of arbitrary governments, where every heart is depreſſed by fear, where mankind dare not aſſume their natural characters, where the free ſpirit muſt crouch to the ſlave in office, where genius muſt repreſs her effuſions, or

like

like the Egyptian worſhippers, offer them in ſacrifice to the calves of power; and where the human mind, always in ſhackles, ſhrinks from every generous effort.

LETTER XLV.

Mentz.

WE left Manheim five or ſix days ago. It is very eaſy travelling through this part of Germany, the roads being perfectly good, and the country a continued plain. From Baſil to within a few miles of Mentz, the poſting road does not make even the moſt gentle aſcent; a vaſt length of country to be all along a perfect level.

By the great numbers of Monks and Friars, of all colours and conditions, that are to be met near this city, we were appriſed of our entrance into an eccleſiaſtical ſtate, while the plump perſons and roſy complexions of theſe Fathers ſufficiently proved, that they did not live in the fertile land of Rheniſh for nothing.

However

However good Chriſtians they might be, many of them had much the appearance of paying occaſional homage to the ancient heathen deity Bacchus, without being reſtrained in their worſhip like the ſoldiers on the parade at Manheim.—One of them in particular appeared to have juſt ariſen from his devotion.—He moved along in the moſt unconcerned manner imaginable, without obſerving any direct courſe, or regarding whether he went to the right hand or to the left. He muttered to himſelf as he went.—Does he repeat his pater noſter? ſaid I,—I rather imagine he prays from Horace, replied the D——

—— Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum? Quæ nemora, aut quos agor in ſpecus
Velox mente nova?——

On both ſides of the Rhine the ground here begins to become hilly and irregular,

forming banks finely expoſed to the ſun. Here the beſt Rheniſh wine is produced, and even a very ſmall portion of theſe exuberant banks is of conſiderable value. A chain of well-inhabited villages runs along from Mentz, by Bacharach, all the way to Coblentz, where the Rhine is joined by the Moſelle.

Bacharach is ſaid to derive its name from an altar of Bacchus (Bacchi Ara) ſuppoſed to have been erected by the Romans in gratitude for the quantity and quality of the wine produced in the neighbourhood. A little before we entered Mentz, we paſſed by the Favorita, a beautiful palace belonging to the Elector, ſituated where the Rhine is joined by the Maine.

Mentz is finely ſituated, built in an irregular manner, and moſt plentifully provided with churches. The cathedral is but a gloomy fabric. In this there is what they

they call a treaſury, which contains a number of clumſy jewels, ſome relics, and a mighty rich wardrobe of prieſts veſtments.

There are ſome troops in this capital, but I do not think the officers have that ſmart preſumptuous air which generally accompanies men of their profeſſion. They ſeem conſcious that the clergy are their maſters; and, I have a notion, are a little out of countenance on that account.

The ſtreets ſwarm with eccleſiaſtics, ſome of them in fine coaches, and attended by a great number of ſervants. I remarked alſo many genteel airy abbes; who, one could eaſily ſee, were the moſt faſhionable people, and gave the ton at this place.

Though it is moſt evident that in this electorate the clergy have taken exceeding good care of themſelves; yet, in juſtice to them,

them, it muſt be acknowledged, that the people alſo ſeem to be in an eaſy ſituation. The peaſantry appear to be in a ſtate of far greater abundance than thoſe of France, or even thoſe in the Elector of Manheim's dominions.

I have ſome deſire to ſee an eccleſiaſtical court, and would willingly viſit this of Mentz; but the D—— of H——, who ſeems to have no exceſſive fondneſs for any court, ſays, a court of clergymen muſt be more diſmal and tedious than any other, and I fear will not be prevailed on to appear at this; in which caſe we will leave this place to-morrow morning early, without further ceremony.

LETTER XLVI.

Frankfort on the Maine.

WE have been here two weeks.—To form a proper judgment of the genius and manners of any nation, it is neceſſary to live familiarly with the inhabitants for a conſiderable time; but a ſmaller degree of obſervation will ſuffice to give a pretty juſt idea of the nature of its government. The chilling effects of deſpotic oppreſſion, or the benign influence of freedom and commerce, ſtrike the eye of the moſt careleſs traveller.

The ſtreets of Frankfort are ſpacious and well-paved; the houſes ſtately, clean, and convenient, the ſhops well furniſhed; the dreſs, the numbers, the air, and general

manners of the inhabitants, ſufficiently ſhow, without other information, that there is no little deſpot within their walls, to impoveriſh them in ſupport of his grandeur, and to put every action of their lives, every movement of their bodies, under reſtraint by his caprice.

The houſes are of brick, but have a better appearance than brick houſes in general, owing chiefly to their being covered with a kind of reddiſh ſtucco, which is come into uſe here of late, and, it is believed, will render the buildings more durable. The fronts of many of the fineſt are alſo adorned with bas reliefs, of white ſtucco, in imitation of marble. Theſe white ornaments, on the red ground, form too ſtrong a contraſt, and do not pleaſe an eye fond of ſimplicity. But the Germans, in general, have a taſte for ſhowy ornament, in their dreſs, furniture, and houſes. Frankfort is a free imperial city, having a ſmall

ſmall territory belonging to it, and is governed by its own magiſtracy.

All religions are tolerated here, under certain reſtrictions; but Lutheraniſm is the eſtabliſhed faith, as the magiſtrates are of that communion.

The principal church is in the poſſeſſion of the Roman Catholics, but no public proceſſion of the hoſt is permitted through the ſtreets. All the ceremonies of their religion are confined to the houſes of individuals, or performed within the walls of this church. In it there is a chapel, to which the Emperor is conducted immediately after his election, in order to be crowned by the Elector of Mentz.

The Jews have a ſynagogue in this city, where they perform their religious rites; but the Calviniſts have never been allowed any public houſe of worſhip within the territory

ritory of Frankfort. They attend divine ſervice at a place called Bockenheim in the county of Hanau, where they have built a church.

This is but unkind treatment; and it ſeems, at firſt ſight, a little extraordinary, that Martin Luther ſhould ſhow more indulgence to his old enemy Lord Peter, and even to Judas Iſcariot himſelf, than to his fellow-reformer John Calvin.

Though Frankfort is thought a fine town, and the effect produced by the whole is magnificent, yet there are no buildings in particular worthy of attention. It is expected, however, that all ſtrangers ſhould viſit the town-houſe, and ſee the chamber where the Emperor is elected. And it would be reckoned a great want of curioſity, not to ſee the famous golden bull which is kept there with the utmoſt care. A ſight of this coſts a golden ducat; a ſufficient

ficient price for a glance of an old manuſcript, which not one perſon in a hundred can read, and ſtill fewer can underſtand.

A countryman of ours who expected more amuſement for his money, complained loudly of this as an impoſition, and on hearing a German talk of the high price which every thing bore in England, he retorted on him in theſe words:—Il n'y a rien en Angleterre ſi cher que votre *taureau* d'or a Frankfort.

There is a cuſtom obſerved here, which I ſhall mention on account of its ſingularity, though I enquired in vain for its origin. Two women appear every day at noon on the battlements of the principal ſteeple, and play ſome very ſolemn airs with trumpets. This muſic is accompanied by vocal pſalmody, performed by four or five men, who always attend the female trumpeters for that purpoſe.

The

The people here have a violent taſte fot pſalm-ſinging. There are a conſiderable number of men and boys, who have this for their only profeſſion. They are engaged by ſome families to officiate two or three times a week in the morning, before the maſter and miſtreſs of the family get out of bed.

When any perſon in tolerable circumſtances dies, a band of theſe ſweet ſingers aſſemble in the ſtreets before the houſe, and chant an hour every day to the corpſe, till it is interred. The ſame band accompanies the funeral, ſinging hymns all the way.

Funerals are conducted with an uncommon degree of ſolemnity in this town:—A man clothed in a black cloak, and carrying a crucifix, at the end of a long pole, leads the proceſſion:—A great number of hired mourners in the ſame dreſs, and each

with

with a lemon in his hand, march after him:—Then come the ſingers, followed by the corpſe in a hearſe; and laſtly, the relations in mourning coaches.

The crucifix is carried in this manner at all funerals, whether the deceaſed has died a Roman Catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calviniſt. That this cuſtom ſhould be followed by the two latter, ſurpriſed me a good deal. I ſhould have imagined that the Calviniſts in particular, whatever they did with the lemons, would never have been able to digeſt the crucifix.

There is a very conſiderable number of Calviniſts in this place; it is generally thought they are the moſt induſtrious. They unqueſtionably are the richeſt part of the inhabitants. This may be partly owing to a circumſtance that ſome of them conſider as a hardſhip——their being excluded from any ſhare in the government

of the city.—Many of the Calviniſt families are deſcendents of French Proteſtants, who left their country at the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

There are ſome villages near Frankfort conſiſting entirely of French refugees; who, deſerting their country at the ſame time, have ſettled here in a cluſter. Their deſcendents ſpeak French in their common converſation, and retain many of their original cuſtoms to this hour.

Two or three families now living at Frankfort are of Engliſh origin. Their predeceſſors fled firſt to Holland, during the perſecutions in the reign of Mary, and being afterwards driven out of that country by the cruelty of the Duke of Alva, they at length found an aſylum for themſelves, and their poſterity, in this free imperial city.

The

The number of Jews in Frankfort is prodigious, conſidering one diſmal inconvenience they are ſubjected to, being obliged to live all together in a ſingle ſtreet built up at one end:—There is a large gate at the other, which is regularly ſhut at a certain hour of the night, after which no Jews dare appear in the ſtreets; but the whole herd muſt remain cooped and crowded together, like ſo many black cattle, till morning. As this ſtreet is narrow, the room allotted for each family ſmall, and as the children of Iſrael were never remarkable for their cleanlineſs, and always noted for breeding, the Jews quarter, you will believe, is not the ſweeteſt part of the town. I ſcarce think they could have been worſe lodged in the land of Egypt.

They have ſeveral times made offer of conſiderable ſums to the magiſtrates of Frankfort for liberty to build or purchaſe

another ſtreet for their accommodation; but all ſuch propoſals have hitherto been rejected.

The Jews in Frankfort are obliged to fetch water when a fire happens in any part of the city, and the magiſtrates in return permit them to chooſe judges out of their own body for deciding diſputes among themſelves; but if either party refuſes to ſubmit to this, an appeal is open to the magiſtrates.

They muſt unqueſtionably enjoy ſome great advantages by the trade they carry on, to compenſate for ſuch inconveniencies. During the day-time they are allowed the liberty of walking all over the town; a privilege which they improve with equal aſſiduity and addreſs. They attack you in the ſtreet, ply at the gate of your lodgings, and even glide into your apartments, offering to ſupply you with every commodity

you

you can have occaſion for: And if you happen to paſs by the entrance of their ſtreet, they intreat your cuſtom with the violence and vociferation of ſo many Thames watermen.

I was twice at their ſynagogue. There is nothing magnificent in their worſhip; but much apparent zeal and fervour. I ſaw one of their moſt important rites performed on two children. It was impoſſible not to feel compaſſion for the poor infants, thus cruelly initiated into a community, who had formerly the misfortune of being deſpiſed by the Heathens, and now are execrated by all pious Chriſtians.

LETTER XLVII.

Frankfort on the Maine.

YOU will be ſurpriſed at our remaining ſo long at a place where there is no court, and few of thoſe entertainments which allure and retain travellers. The truth is, the D— of H—— ſeems fond of this place; and as for my own part, I have formed an acquaintance with ſome very worthy people here, whoſe friendſhip I ſhall take every occaſion to cultivate.

Society here is divided into Nobleſſe and the Bourgeois. The firſt conſiſts of ſome noble families from various parts of Germany, who have choſen Frankfort for their reſidence, and a few original citizens of Frankfort, but who have now obtained the rank of nobility. The citizens who con-

nect themſelves with ſtrangers, have made their fortunes by commerce, which ſome of them ſtill follow.

There is a public aſſembly for the nobility once a week, at which they drink tea, converſe, or play at cards from ſix to ten. On the other nights the ſame company meet alternately at each other's houſes, and paſs the evening in the ſame manner. None of the Bourgeois families are invited to theſe parties, but they have aſſemblies of the ſame kind among themſelves, and often entertain their friends and the ſtrangers with whom they are acquainted, in a very hoſpitable manner at their tables. The noblemen who reſide in Frankfort, and the nobility of all degrees, and of every nation, who accidentally paſs through it, cheerfully accept of theſe invitations to dine with the citizens, but none of the German ladies of quality condeſcend ſo far. While their fathers, huſbands, and brothers, are entertained at a Bourgeois

table, they chuſe rather to dine at home by themſelves; and they certainly judge wiſely, if they prefer a ſpare diet to good cheer.

The diſtinction of ranks is obſerved in Germany, with all the ſcrupulous preciſion that a matter of that importance deſerves. There is a public concert in this place ſupported by ſubſcription. One would imagine that the ſubſcribers would take their ſeats as they entered the room, that thoſe who came earlieſt would have their choice.—No ſuch matter.—The two firſt rows are kept for the ladies of quality, and the wives and daughters of the citizens muſt be contented to ſit behind, let them come at what hour, and pay what money they pleaſe.—After all, this is not ſo bad as in an aſſembly of nobility, where commons are not permitted to ſit, even in the lobby, whatever price they may have paid for their ſeat in parliament.

Since

Since we arrived, the theatre has been opened for the winter, by a troop of German comedians. I was there the firſt night; previous to the play, there was a kind of allegorical prologue, intended as a compliment to the magiſtrates of Frankfort. This was performed by Juſtice, Wiſdom, and Plenty, each of whom appeared in perſon, with the uſual attributes. The laſt was very properly perſonated by a large fat woman, big with child. As to the two former, I hope, for the ſake of the good people of Frankfort, that they are better repreſented in the town-council, than they were on the ſtage. This prologue was concluded by a long harangue pronounced by the plumpeſt Apollo, I dare venture to ſay, that ever appeared in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath.

After this the play began, which was a German tranſlation of the Engliſh play of George Barnwell, with conſiderable alte-

tions. Barnwell is repreſented as an imprudent young man; but he does not murder his uncle, as in the Engliſh play, or commit any groſs crime; the German tranſlator therefore, inſtead of hanging, only marries him at the end of the piece.

Moſt of the plays repreſented on the German ſtage, are tranſlations from the Engliſh or French; for Germany, ſo fertile in writers in divinity, juriſprudence, medicine, chymiſtry, and other parts of natural philoſophy, has produced few poets till of late.

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,

and the German muſe is now admired all over Europe. Her beauties are felt and applauded by men of genius, even through the medium of a tranſlation, which is a ſtrong proof of her original energy. It muſt, however, be a great diſcouragement to German poetry in general, and to the dramatic in particular, that the French language prevails

in

in all the courts, and that French plays are repreſented there in preference to German.

The native language of the country is treated like a vulgar and provincial dialect, while the French is cultivated as the only proper language for people of faſhion.—Children of the firſt families are inſtructed in French, before they acquire their mother-tongue, and pains are taken to keep them ignorant of this, that it may not hurt their pronunciation of the other. I have met with people who conſidered it as an accompliſhment to be unable to expreſs themſelves in the language of their country, and who have pretended to be more ignorant, in this particular, than they were in reality.

I have been aſſured by many, who underſtand the German language well, that it is nervous, copious, moſt expreſſive, and capable of all the graces of poetry. The truth of this appears by the works of ſeveral late writers,

writers, who have endeavoured to check this unnatural prejudice in their countrymen, and to reſtore the language of their anceſtors to its native honours.—But what are the efforts of good ſenſe, taſte, and genius, in oppoſition to faſhion, and the influence of courts?

Among the winter amuſements of this place, traineau parties may be reckoned. Theſe can take place in the time of froſt only, and when there is a conſiderable quantity of ſnow upon the ground. I had an opportunity of ſeeing a very ſplendid entertainment of this kind lately, which was given by ſome young gentlemen to an equal number of ladies.

A traineau is a machine in the ſhape of a horſe, lion, ſwan; or in that of a griffin, unicorn, or ſome other fanciful form, without wheels; but made below like a ſledge, for the conveniency of ſliding over the ſnow.

Some

Some are gilded, and otherwiſe ornamented, according to the whim of the proprietor.—A pole ſtands up from one ſide, to which an enſign or flag is faſtened, which waves over the heads of thoſe placed on the machine. The lady, wrapped in fur, ſits before, and the gentleman ſtands behind on a board made for that purpoſe.

The whole is drawn by two horſes, which are either conducted by a poſtillion, or driven by the gentleman.—The horſes are gaudily ornamented, and have bells hanging from the trappings which cover them.

This party conſiſted of about thirty traineaus, each attended by two or three ſervants on horſeback with flambeaux; for this amuſement was taken when it began to grow dark.—One traineau took the lead;—the reſt followed at a convenient diſtance in a line, and drove for two or three hours through the principal ſtreets and ſquares of

Frankfort.

Frankfort.—The horſes go at a briſk trot or canter; the motion of the traineau is eaſy and agreeable; the bells, enſigns, and torches, make a very gay and ſhowy appearance, which ſeemed to be much reliſhed by the parties immediately concerned, and admired by the ſpectators.

A few days after this exhibition, as we were preparing to ſet out for Hanau in a traineau, Mr. S—, brother to Lord S—, arrived at the inn. Though he had travelled for two days and nights, without having been in bed, he was ſo little fatigued, that he went along with us. Hanau is ſome leagues diſtant from Frankfort. We had a full proof of the fine eaſy motion of the traineau, which, in the time of froſt, and when there is a proper quantity of ſnow on the ground, is certainly the moſt delightful way of travelling that can poſſibly be imagined.

Hanau

Hanau is the reſidence of the Hereditary Prince of Heſſe Caſſel. As we entered the town we met the Princeſs, who is ſiſter-in-law to the King of Denmark. She, with ſome of the ladies of the court, was taking the air alſo in a traineau.

Beſides the troops of Hanau, two regiments of Hanoverians are there at preſent. The Hereditary Prince is not on the beſt terms with his father. He lives here, however, in a ſtate of independency, poſſeſſed of the revenues of this country, which is guaranteed to him by the Kings of Britain, Denmark, and Pruſſia; but there is no intercourſe between this little court and that of Heſſe Caſſel.

After dinner we returned to Frankfort. The D— prevailed with Mr. S— to remain a longer time at Frankfort than he had intended. He is a ſenſible young man of ſpirit and ambition. His grandfather, the old

Earl

Earl of D—, endeavours to ſeduce him into holy orders, promiſing him a living of 2000l. a year, which is in the gift of the family. This you will acknowledge to be a temptation which few younger brothers could withſtand. Nature, however, ſeems to have deſtined this young gentleman for another line in life. My own opinion is, he would rather have the command of a troop of dragoons, than be promoted to the See of Canterbury.

LETTER XLVIII.

Frankfort.

SOME of the nobility who reſide in this city, take every opportunity of pointing out the eſſential difference that there is, and the diſtinctions that ought to be made, between their families and thoſe of the Bourgeois, who, though they have, by commerce or ſome profeſſion equally ignoble, attained great wealth, which enables them to live in a ſtile of magnificence unbecoming their rank; yet their noble neighbours inſinuate, that they always retain a vulgarity of ſentiment and manners, unknown to thoſe whoſe blood has flowed pure through ſeveral generations, unmixed with that puddle which ſtagnates in the veins of plebeians.

The D— of H—— does not ſeem to have ſtudied natural philoſophy with accuracy ſufficient to enable him to obſerve this diſtinction. He mingles in the ſocieties of the citizens, with as much eaſe and alacrity, as in thoſe of the nobility, dining with the one, and drinking coffee with the other, in the moſt impartial manner, and between the two he contrives to amuſe himſelf tolerably well.

The two families with which we are in the greateſt degree of intimacy, are thoſe of Monſ. de Barkhauſe, and Monſ. P. Gogle. The former is a principal perſon in the magiſtracy, a man of learning and worth. His lady is of a noble family in the dukedom of Brunſwic, a woman of admirable good ſenſe and many accompliſhments. She is well acquainted with Engliſh and French literature. The French language ſhe ſpeaks like a native, and though ſhe cannot converſe

in

in Engliſh without difficulty, ſhe underſtands and reliſhes the works of ſome of our beſt authors.

Mr. Gogle has travelled over the greateſt part of Europe, and is equally acquainted with men and books. He has made a plentiful fortune by commerce, and lives in a very agreeable and hoſpitable manner.

In theſe two houſes we occaſionally meet with the beſt company of both the claſſes of ſociety in this place, and in one or other when there is no public aſſembly we generally paſs the afternoon.—The former part of the day (a thaw having lately diſſolved the ſnow) we often paſs in jaunts to the environs of this place, which are very beautiful.

As the D— of H—— and I were riding one day along the banks of the Maine, near the village of Heix, which is in the territories of the Elector of Mentz, we obſerved a

building which ſeemed to be the reſidence of ſome prince, or biſhop at leaſt. We were ſurpriſed we never had heard it ſpoken of, as it had a more magnificent appearance than any modern building we had ſeen ſince our arrival in Germany. We rode up, and upon entering it, found that the apartments within, though not laid out in the beſt taſte, ſeemed to correſpond, in point of expence, with the external appearance.

We were informed by the workmen, who were employed in finiſhing theſe apartments, that this palace belonged to a tobacconiſt in Frankfort, where he ſtill kept ſhop, and had accumulated a prodigious fortune by making and ſelling ſnuff.

Near to the principal houſe, there is another great building intended for a workhouſe, in which tobacco is to be manufactured, with many apartments for the workmen, and vaulted cellars in which the various

various kinds of ſnuff are to be kept moiſt, till ſent for inland ſale to Frankfort, or ſhipped on the Maine for foreign markets.

The owner informed us, there were exactly three hundred rooms in both buildings, and the greater number of theſe belonged to the dwelling-houſe. We did not chuſe to puzzle the man by difficult queſtions, and therefore refrained from enquiring, what uſe he intended to make of ſuch an amazing number of rooms, which ſeemed rather contrived as barracks for two or three thouſand ſoldiers, than any other purpoſe.

On our return to town, we were informed that this perſon, who is not a native of Frankfort, though he has been many years eſtabliſhed there, had applied to the magiſtrates for liberty to purchaſe a certain ſpot of ground, on which he propoſed to build a dwelling-houſe, &c. which cannot be done by any but citizens, without the conſent of

the council. This being refuſed, he bought a little piece of land in the territory of Mentz, immediately beyond that of Frankfort, and on the banks of the Maine; and being highly piqued by the refuſal he had met with from the magiſtrates, he had reared a building greatly larger and more extenſive than was neceſſary, or than he at firſt had intended, in the full perſuaſion that the remorſe of the magiſtrates would be in proportion to the ſize of this fabric.

The tobacconiſt has already expended fifty thouſand pounds on this temple of vengeance, and his wrath againſt the magiſtrates ſeems to be yet unappeaſed—for he ſtill laviſhes his money with a rancour againſt theſe unfortunate men, that is very unbecoming a Chriſtian. The inhabitants of Frankfort, while they acknowledge the imprudence of the magiſtrates, do not applaud the wiſdom of their antagoniſt, in whoſe brain they aſſert there muſt be ſome

apartments

apartments as empty as any in the vaſt ſtructure he is building.

Another day his Grace and I rode to Bergen, a ſmall village which has been rendered eminent by the attempt made there by Prince Ferdinand on the French army in the year 1759.

We were accompanied by the Meſſrs. de Leſſener, two gentlemen, now retired from the ſervice, and living at Frankfort, who had been in the action, one a Captain in the Hanoverian army, the other of the ſame rank in the French.

During the winter of that memorable year, you may remember that the French, with more policy than juſtice, had ſeized upon this neutral city, and eſtabliſhed their head-quarters here. This was attended by great advantages, ſecuring to them the courſe of the Maine and Upper Rhine, by which

they received ſupplies from Straſbourg, and all the intermediate cities.

Prince Ferdinand having formed the deſign of driving them from this advantageous ſituation, before they could be reinforced, ſuddenly aſſembled his army, which was cantoned about Munſter, and after three days of forced marches, came in ſight of the French army, at that time commanded by the Duke de Broglio, who, having received intelligence of the Prince's ſcheme, had made a very judicious diſpoſition.

On the forenoon of the 13th of April, the Prince began his attack on the right wing of the French army, which occupied the village of Bergen.—This was renewed with great vivacity three ſeveral times. The Prince of Iſembourg, and about 1500 of the Allies, fell in the action, which was prolonged till the evening; Prince Ferdinand then determining to draw off his troops,

troops, made ſuch a diſpoſition as convinced the enemy he intended a general attack next morning—and by this means he accompliſhed his retreat in the night, without being haraſſed by the French.

I have heard officers of great merit aſſert, that nothing could be more judiciouſly planned and executed, than this enterpriſe; the only one of importance, however, in which that great General failed during the whole war.

By this misfortune the allied army were reduced to great difficulties, and the progreſs of the French, with the continued retreat of the Allies, ſpread ſuch an alarm over the Electorate of Hanover, that many individuals ſent their moſt valuable effects to Stade, from whence they might be conveyed to England.—The affairs of the Allies were ſoon after re-eſtabliſhed by the deciſive victory of Minden, which raiſed the military character

of

of Prince Ferdinand higher than ever; though officers of penetration, who were at both actions, are ſtill of opinion, that his talents were to the full as conſpicuous at Bergen, where he was repulſed, as at the glorious field of Minden, by which Hanover and Brunſwic were preſerved, and the French obliged to abandon almoſt all Weſtphalia.

LETTER XLIX.

Frankfort.

I Returned a few days ſince from Darmſtadt, having accompanied the D— of H—— on a viſit which he made to that court.

The reigning Prince of Heſſe Darmſtadt not being there, we were directed to pay our firſt viſit to the Princeſs Maximilian, his aunt.—She invited us the ſame evening to play at cards and ſup with her.—There were about ten people at table.—The Princeſs was gay, affable, and talkative.—The D— confeſſed he never had paſſed an evening ſo agreeably with an old woman in his life.

Next morning we went to the parade, which is an object of great attention at this place. The Prince has a moſt enthuſiaſtic paſſion for military manœuvres and evolutions.--Drilling and exerciſing his ſoldiers are his chief amuſements, and almoſt his ſole employment. That he may enjoy this in all kinds of weather, and at every ſeaſon of the year, he has built a room ſufficiently capacious to admit 1500 men, to perform their exerciſe in it all together.

This room is accommodated with ſixteen ſtoves, by which it may be kept at the exact degree of temperature which ſuits his Highneſs's conſtitution.—On the morning that we were preſent, there was only the ordinary guard, conſiſting of three hundred men, who having performed their exerciſes, and marched for an hour up and down this ſpacious Gymnaſium, were divided into parties and detached to their reſpective poſts.

The

The Darmſtadt ſoldiers are tall, tolerably clothed, and above all things remarkably well powdered. They go through their manœuvres with that dexterity which may be expected of men who are continually employed in the ſame action, under the eye of their prince, who is an admirable judge, and ſevere critic in this part of the military art.

There is no regular fortification round this town; but a very high ſtone-wall, which is not intended to prevent an enemy from entering, being by no means adequate to ſuch a purpoſe; but merely deſigned to hinder the garriſon from deſerting, to which they are exceedingly inclined; theſe poor men taking no delight in the warlike amuſements which conſtitute the ſupreme joy of their ſovereign.

Centinels are placed at ſmall diſtances all round the wall, who are obliged to be exceedingly

ceedingly alert. One ſoldier gives the words *all is well* in German, to his neighbour on the right, who immediately calls the ſame to the centinel beyond him, and ſo it goes round till the firſt ſoldier receives the words from the left, which he tranſmits to the right as formerly, and ſo the call circulates without any intermiſſion through the whole night.

Every other part of garriſon duty is performed with equal exactneſs, and all neglects ſeverely puniſhed as if an enemy were at the gates.

The men are ſeldom more than two nights out of three in bed. This, with the attention requiſite to keep their clothes and accoutrements clean, is very hard duty, eſpecially at preſent, when the froſt is uncommonly keen, and the ground covered with ſnow.

There

There is a ſmall body of cavalry at Darmſtadt juſt now. They are dreſſed in buff coats, and magnificently accoutred.—Theſe are the horſe-guards of the prince.—Few as they are, I never ſaw ſo many men together of ſuch a height, in my life, none of them being under ſix Engliſh feet three inches high, and ſeveral of them conſiderably above that enormous ſtature.

The Prince of Heſſe Darmſtadt formerly kept a greater number of troops: At preſent his whole army does not exceed five thouſand men. But as the conduct of princes, however judicious it may be, ſeldom paſſes uncenſured, there are people who blame him for entertaining even this number. They declare, that this prince's finances, being in very great diſorder, cannot ſupport this eſtabliſhment; which, though ſmall, may be counted high, conſidering the extent of his dominions. They inſiſt alſo upon the

loſs,

loſs, which agriculture and manufactures muſt ſuſtain, by having the ſtouteſt men taken away from theſe neceſſary employments, and their ſtrength exhauſted in uſeleſs parade. For theſe rigid cenſors have the aſſurance to aſſert, that an army of five thouſand men, though burdenſome to the country, is not ſufficient to defend it; that the number is by far too great for amuſement, and infinitely too ſmall for any manner of uſe.

The ſame day, we dined with the Princeſs Maximilian, and in the afternoon were preſented to Prince George's family. He is brother to the reigning Prince. He happened to be indiſpoſed; but his princeſs received the D— with the utmoſt politeneſs.

Their two youngeſt ſons and three daughters were at ſupper. The former are ſtill very young; the latter are well-looking,

looking, remarkably accompliſhed, and do much credit to the great pains their mother has beſtowed on their education.

Next morning we were invited to breakfaſt, by the Baron Riedeſal, at a pleaſant country-houſe he has near Darmſtadt.—His G— went with him, in a carriage of a very particular conſtruction. The Baron ſat on a low ſeat next the horſes, and drove; the D—— in a higher place behind him. Each of theſe is made for one perſon only; but behind all, there was a wooden ſeat, in the ſhape of a little horſe, on which two ſervants were mounted. The uſual poſting-chaiſes in this country hold ſix perſons with eaſe; and people even of the firſt rank generally have two or three ſervants in the chaiſe with them. In point of œconomy, theſe carriages are well imagined; and, in the time of froſt, not inconvenient; for here travellers take ſpecial care to fortify themſelves againſt cold by cloaks lined

with fur. But when it rains hard, two of the company at leaſt muſt be drenched; for the German chaiſes are never entirely covered above.

I went with Count Cullemberg in his coach. We paſſed the forenoon very agreeably at this houſe, which ſeems to be advantageouſly ſituated; but in its preſent ſnowy dreſs, one can no more judge of the natural complexion of the country, than of that of an actreſs new-painted for the ſtage.

We dined with Prince George, who was ſufficiently recovered to be at table. He is a handſome man, of a ſoldier-like appearance, and has all the eaſe and openneſs of the military character.

His ſecond ſon, who had been abſent for ſome weeks, arrived while we were at table. He is a fine young man, about eighteen years of age. It was pleaſing to obſerve the ſatisfaction

ſatisfaction which this ſmall incident diffuſed over the faces of father, mother, and the whole family, which formed a groupe worthy the pencil of Greuſe.

Do not ſuſpect that I am prejudiced in favour of this family, merely becauſe they belong to a prince.——An appearance of domeſtic happineſs is always agreeable, whether we find them in a palace or a cottage; and the ſame ſymptoms of good humour, though they would not have ſurprized me ſo much, would have delighted me equally in the family of a peaſant.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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